Carmel Pine Cone

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Permanent Injunction Asked In Memorial Library Case

Next Friday, July 1st, is the date for trial of the suit for a permanent injunction to restrain Carmel's Board of Trustees from proceeding with the construction of the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library under the present plans and specifications. The contest is brought by Mrs. Lotta A. Shipley, and the grounds of suit are that Mrs. Ella Reil Harrison, who bequeathed the money and land for the library to the city, desired a building of a different style and kind to the one which has been planned.

In two principal features, says Mrs. Shipley, the present intention of the Board of Trustees would fail to carry out the expressed wishes of the late Mrs. Harrison: the proposed building is not Spanish in its architectural type, nor is it fire proof. She contends, and seeks to prove by evidence, that the testatrix had a distinct idea of the style of building that she wanted erected, a sketch of which had been made, and which was probably burned in the fire that caused the death of Mrs. Harrison.

As to this feature of the case, City Attorney Campbell, acting for the Board of Trustees, contends that the present plans are Spanish, and would come under that heading even had there been anywhere in the will, or Mrs. Harrison's letter accompanying the will, mention of a desire for a Spanish type structure. He claims that nowhere in the will, in the court's interpretation of its meaning, or in the order for distribution made by Judge J. A. Bardin some time after the filing of the will, is there reference to any sketch, or the nature of building desired by the testatrix.

In fact, it was long after Mrs. Harrison's death, that Miss Kate Conway, one of the beneficiaries under the Harrison will, and Mrs. Shipley had plans drawn upon their own responsibility for a library building. Those plans, they contend in court, were made in complete sympathy with the wishes of the testatrix, as expressid to them during her lifetime.

And because Mrs. Harrison was also bequeathing the city, to be housed in the library building, valuable pictures and books, this building was to be fireproof, say the contestants of the present plans. To which the Trustees answer that there is nothing in the will, or in its order of distribution, regarding fireproofing; nor were the plans approved by Mrs. Shipley for a fireproof building. Furthermore, say the Trustees, no fireproof building large enough for library use in Carmel, could possibly be built for the amount of money left by Mrs. Harrison for the purpose.

There are many legal points involved in the suit, so technical as to mean nothing but confusion to the lay-mind, but broadly the issues are as given here. When Judge Fred A. Treat ordered the case set for trial next Friday, he had to cut through a knot of legal complications, and unwind tangles to get it to bearing upon its merits. For from the first, this injunction suit has insisted upon getting into snarls.

At the first hearing, on Monday, June 6, Judge Treat gave three days continuance for the filing of briefs. Under his interpretation of the law, Attorney Campbell felt that this didn't mean him. When that time was up, Mrs. Lotta A. Shipley's attorney entered a default, and demanded judgment of court.

It happened by the merest chance that Trustee Foster was in Salinas on another matter that day. On the street, he heard that a default judgment was about to issue, tying up the city by a permanent injunction. He dashed after an attorney, getting Joseph A. Bardin, who was on the bench and gave the order of distribution of the estate, as judge in 1924. Bardin questioned Trustee Foster, and learned that he had never been served with a summons in the suit now waiting decision. Quickly he drew up a demurrer, and filed it, so stopping any action that Judge Treat might possibly take.

But he had added another complication to the several that had to be cleaned up on law and motion day, a week ago, when the case was called, and the withdrawal of his demurrer to the complaint was the first step in unwinding the mess. Then Campbell moved for an order setting aside the default that had been entered on June 7, and so permit the Trustees to file an answer. This the plaintiff's attorney, C. F. Lacey, allowed, the Court granted Campbell's motion, and date of trial was set.

Needles in Feet Almost Epidemic

Two Carmelites one day last week had surgical operations for accidents that are unusual enough so that the coincidence is remarkable. If one person had limped into a surgeon's office with a needle so deeply imbedded in his foot that only the thread from its eye hung out, it would have been an odd accident. As the doctor used his lancet on the heel of Fred A. Robbins, and listened to the patient, between groans, tell how it happened, he remarked that in all his experience this was the first needle he had to remove by an operation.

Then, within a few hours, the surgeon had a call to the home of C. S. Rohr—to remove a needle from the foot of Mr. Rohr's niece. He found an almost exactly similar condition: a threaded needle deeply imbedded in the flesh of the foot, requiring an operation for its removal. Except that the position in the pedal differed from heel to base of toe, the accidents were identical. Both needles were broken, but only the extreme points were gone, and they were almost exactly the same size and length.

FLOOD WATERS FLOW IN CARMEL STREETS

Carmel was singing that popular song which was inspired by the southern flood, "Muddy Waters," Wednesday when the ditch digging machine cut the water main at the corner of Third and Junipero. A torrent rushed down Junipero to Fourth, down Fourth to San Carlos and from there into Ocean avenue carrying with it a load of mud.

Workmen got busy, cutting the water off above the break, and stopped the flow in a short while. Some residents were temporarily out of water.

Treasure Trove of Art May Be City's Heritage

Is Carmel rich in art treasures? Is it possible that in boxes stowed in the far corners of a warehouse here, are etchings that are practically priceless?

Carmel's Board of Trustees is worried over the possibility that the city is richer than it knew. At the meeting last Monday night, a request made through City Attorney Campbell, coming from C. F. Lacey, attorney for Lotta B. Shipley in the legal proceedings against the Board in the library matter, asked that certain priceless things be taken from the warehouse with its precarious security, and be placed in a safety deposit vault.

Had it not been that Henry F. Dickenson, attorney and in a way an art connoisseur, living on the Point, was in the Board room on another matter, the request would have been summarily filed, and believed to be a legal move in the library battle. But Dickinson had seen a list of the etchings purported to be in the box and he gave a rough idea of values. Of the Rembrandts he could only echo the word "priceless," but of several Seymour Haden's he knew that a thousand dollars a print was a low valuation.

The etchings of Rembrandt Harmens Van Rijn are worth just what one can get for them, depending of course upon the state of preservation and the date of the print. In 1893, the etching "Rembrandt with Sabre" sold in London for 2000 pounds; "Ephriam Bonus with Black Ring" brought 1950 pounds, and the "Hundred Guilder Print" sold for 1700 pounds sterling.

And Sir Francis Seymour Haden's etchings are not so bad a value. A thousand dollars for a print is only a fair price. Exceptionally good prints come higher. In the box, according to the list last night, there are other etchings by artists whose work sells for big money. Henry F. Dickinson suggested twenty thousand dollars as the possible value of the listed prints; and it might run to one hundred thousand dollars.

The odd part of the matter is that nobody, seemingly, has had any idea that there might be treasure-trove in the Harrison boxed bequest. It was turned over in December, 1923—three and a half years ago—by the executors of the estate to William T. Kibbler, then Carmel's mayor, in San Francisco; and was taken from a warehouse there, where it had been stored, shipped to Carmel, and placed in a warehouse here. Nothing in Mrs. Harrison's will indicated great value in these etchings; nothing was said at the time of the transfer to the beneficiaries of any especial value atching to these prints. They were listed, if at all, at nominal sums.

At that time, William T. Kibbler, under authority of the Board of Trustees, received the bequest from the executors of the will; deeds to three lots at Ocean avenue and Lincoln street, and a portion of the lot on Lincoln street directly behind these three; City of San Francisco bonds for twenty thousand dollars face value, together with the coupons for that year's interest, payable in less than a month, another thousand dollars; and the boxes and cases of books and pictures that were shipped intact, and unopened, to the warehouse here. Less the fee allowed by the court to Treat and Campbell, attorneys for the beneficiary city, $850. This fee, paid before the estate was turned over to the city, was for Treat and Campbell's representation during the proceedings in Judge Bardin's court, in which the order of distribution was obtained; a suit opposed by Edward G. Kuster, as a taxpayer in interest.

From that day to the proceedings in court when Lotta B. Shipley sought and obtained a temporary restraining order against the Board of Trustees, there had been no intimation that the city had possibly a great treasure of art hidden away in a warehouse; nor is there now any certainty of such a happy condition. More than likely, when the boxes are opened, the prints will prove to be copies of the original etchings, process reproductions of relatively small value. Even so, they are a distinct addition to Carmel's art, and will deserve the thanks that this city always has felt for the kindly thought, and generous gift of the late Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison.

Carmel's New Hospital Nears Completion

On a slight rise in Carmel Woods, looking through the pines to the north, east, west and south, Carmel's beautiful and unique little hospital is rapidly being completed.

Mrs. Edith B. Shuffleton, its founder, will be in charge, and Michael J. Murphy is the builder.

A hospital for Carmel! Why not? Our people have automobile accidents, become seriously ill, or develop conditions that demand that they should be carried to a hospital, just as they do at any place—although Carmel is different. Heretofore, all such cases have been carried to some local hospital on the peninsula, or to some city for treatment.

The advantages to be gained in going to a hospital when one is seriously ill are, in the first place, skillful nursing and a careful attention to the diet, then the immediate use of all the conveniences and equipment for the diagnosis and treatment of the patient that modern science has developed during comparatively recent times, such as bacteriological and X-ray equipment, a well equipped surgical operating room, and a nursery with abundant sunlight.

It is the aim of Mrs. Shuffleton to secure every aid for the care and treatment of the sick, so that their chances for recovery here will be just as good as at any other place.

The distinction of "uniqueness" will be attained by a home-like and quiet atmosphere. A large and colorful patio, enclosed by a garden wall, where patients can get the benefit of fresh air and sunshine, a delightful color scheme throughout, with lacquer trays and dainty linen and china.

The nurses will all be graduates of training schools. The founding of such a hospital has long been a heartfelt ambition of Mrs. Shuffleton, who is a graduate of Stanford training school, and a nurse of wide experience and proven executive ability.

In speaking of her ideals, Mrs. Shuffleton remarked, "I want to build just such a hospital as the one you would like to go to if you should become ill."

AT GRAY GABLES

Week-end visitors at Gray Gables were: Mr. E. L. Johnson of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Johnson and little daughter of Berkeley; Mrs. Frances A. Westervelt, Curator of the Hackensack, N. J. Museum.

CITY COLLECTS FINES

More than a hundred dollars in fines has been collected through Judge Fraser's court this week for traffic law violations.

Bankers Testify in Harthorne Hearing

Frenzied finance in Carmel brought two bankers upon the witness stand in Judge Ray Baugh's court Monday morning to testify in the preliminary hearing of T. O. Harthorne, garageman here, whose methods of transacting business are under examination. After listening to these men of the banks testify to the manner and ways of the defendant when dealing with a busy institution of finance, Judge Baugh held Harthorne to answer in the superior court on a charge of forgery.

Argyll Campbell, deputy district attorney, prosecuted the case and called as witnesses B. J. Segal, cashier of the Bank of Carmel and N. George Nielsen, assistant cashier of the Bank of Italy, Monterey.

Segal testified that Harthorne presented to him on May 6 a number of checks among which was one for $500 signed "Chas. B. McDonald." The check was drawn on a Los Angeles bank and was later returned marked "no account." In return for the checks deposited, Segal said, Harthorne received a certified check for something over $800.

Nielsen, who stated that he had been in the banking business for more than eighteen years and had considerable experience with handwriting, although he did not claim to be a handwriting expert, examined the signature on the alleged forged check and the name "Chas. B. McDonald" written by Harthorne on a sheet of paper and testified that in his opinion the handwriting was the same.

Judge Baugh then held Harthorne to answer to the superior court. Bond was fixed at $5,000. Harthorne has been at liberty on this amount of bond.

Jack Orcutt, senior partner of the law firm of Orcutt and Thomsen, which is defending Harthorne, announced that he was returning Harthorne to custody and that he would institute habeas corpus proceedings for his release in the superior court, Salinas.

Orcutt claimed that the evidence produced by the prosecution was improper and insufficient to hold his client to answer.

GARDEN CLUB MEETS IN A BIT OF PARADISE

The Garden Club met last week with Mrs. E. K. Elliot at Meadowlark, her home on the Point, where an enthusiastic tour of the garden was made by the members in attendance. Its choice flowers, shrubs and trees make a remarkable showing for the two years which Mrs. Elliot has devoted to making a bit of paradise out of vacant lots. The members and guests reluctantly forsook the summer house and gardens for a brief business session in the charming living room of Mrs. Elliot's home. It was decided to have weekly meetings throughout the summer, the next of which will be at Mrs. Alfred K. Miller's house on Eighth and San Antonio. The topic for that meeting will be "blue flowers." The June 30 meeting will be at Mrs. William Silva's home on Carmelo.

Those present were: Mrs. A. W. Wheldon, Mrs. M. B. Harvey, Mrs. C. Main, Mrs. William P. Silva, Miss Mary Mower, Mrs. Fenner, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. W. J. Kingsland, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. E. K. Elliot and Mrs. Nettie E. Vergon.

YOUNG ROMANCE AND WEDDING BELLS

A school day romance culminated in a local marriage two weeks ago, on June 12, when Elaine Legere and Francis Whitaker journeyed to Salinas to have the nuptial knot tied.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker went to school together in Alabama for several years. A year ago the bride came to Carmel for the summer, and returned here again last May. Whitaker came out from the east a month or so ago.

Mrs. Whitaker is the smiling little girl who waits on tables at the Studio Restaurant. She will continue her work there, as the young couple plan to make their home in Carmel permanently.

CARMEL WILL HAVE NEW BAKERY

About the first of July a new bakery will be opened in Carmel by Ben Wetzel, an old timer here, who, until a year ago was associated with the Carmel Bakery on Ocean avenue. The new bakery will be located on Dolores street in the building recently vacated by Paul Denny and will be called the Dolores Bakery.

Wetzel is purchasing new electrical equipment for the shop, which will contain all sanitary and modern improvements. It will be open for public inspection July 1. During the last year, Wetzel has been busy rebuilding his home in the Eighty Acres that he bought some time ago. He was engaged in the bakery business in Carmel for seven years.

News that Walter Hagen makes $90,000 a year playing golf opens up one more useful field for the employment of college graduates.

Another June almost gone and no wedding announcements from the Prince of Wales or Helen Wills.

Congress should have a special medal for Mr. Levine. He went to Europe without telling his wife.

Governor Pardons Anita Whitney

"Miss Anita Whitney, lifelong friend of the unfortunate, in any true sense is not a 'criminal,' and to condemn her, at 60 years of age, to a felon's cell, is an action which is absolutely unthinkable."

So said Governor C. C. Young in his pardon message last Monday, as he lifted the threat of a prison cell that for seven years has hung over the head of Charlotte Anita Whitney. It was the first pardon granted by the governor since he took office.

In Carmel, where Miss Whitney has a home and hosts of friends, the news of her pardon was received with joy.

Tennis Court Request Again Continued

Routine business and a short session were the features of last Monday night's adjourned meeting of the Board of Trustees. Because of the restraining order of Judge Treat, no action could be taken on the library award or contract. On advice of Attorney Campbell, the Board instructed the Clerk to give back to Wade Halstead, high bidder for the library job, the certified check he had put up as evidence of good faith, provided that Halstead also withdrew his bid by written request.

First payment of $293.67 on the city's new one and one-half ton truck, delivered yesterday by the Carmel Garage, was authorized, and Byron Newell's petition for permission to construct an auto oiling and washing station on lots 17 and 19 of Block 67 was granted, the lots being placed in Zone Four.

Mrs. Jessie Schoeninger of the Carmel Parent-Teacher association and Wilbert Normand of the Carmel Boy Scout troop appeared in verbal petitions for the construction of the proposed public tennis courts on the city park property, Ocean avenue, but action in the matter was again deferred, subject to further reports on cost of construction and maintenance, to be submitted by the committee of trustees at the board's next meeting, July 5.

One important matter was decided, however. Hereafter, proofs of newspaper advertisements published by the city will be read by the city attorney, resolution to that effect being adopted at last night's meeting. In the past it has been uncertain whether responsibility for the accuracy of sueh notices rested with the city attorney or the city clerk.

FINE MUSIC WILL FEATURE PRODUCTION

Music for the Forest Theatre production of "If I Were King," on the evenings of July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, is in the hands of Fenton P. Foster.

Mr. Foster is well-known for his energy and competence in organizing and directing musical events. His production of "The Mikado" at Forest Theatre two years ago was one of the outstanding successes of recent years, and revealed musical talent all over the peninsula.

Mr. Foster's plan for "If I Were King" is to make use of two of the song-hits from "The Vagabond King," the popular musical comedy based on this play. For the romantic scenes the "Rose" song, lightly touched on strings and wind instruments, will hang in the air, impalpable as mist, yet establishing the mood of dreamy romance for the mind of the audience. At the exciting climax of the third act, when the army of France, inspired by Francois Villon, the vagabond-hero, marches away under his leadership to fight the Burgundians, they will march to the stirring, swinging tune of the "Chorus of Vagabonds," one of the most taking tunes of all last year's crop of musical shows. Thirty male voices, chosen and trained by Mr. Foster, will sing this chorus as they march off into the pine-woods. And again in their triumphant return in the last act, the same splendid marching song will be heard, coming nearer and nearer through the night and the forest.

Deed: J. J. Harris et al to J. H. Clark and S. Mildred Clark, joint tenants, lots 1 and 2, blk. 1, Boulevard Tr. Sub. blk. 14, Map 1, Hot Springs Tract.

Deed: Abbie T. Eastlick to Alfred Boutin and Mae Boutin, joint tenants, March 23, $10. Lots 5 and 7, S. 26 ft. of 3, blk. 56, 2nd Add., Pacific Grove.

Roy and Jerry

Announce the Opening of Their

COFFEE SHOPPE

At the Corner of San Carlos and Sixth

Formerly the "Home Restaurant" of Monterey

HOME MADE PIES AND CAKES

SHORT ORDERS AND REGULAR MEALS

NOTICE

The roll is now being called for membership in the Carmel Humane Society.

Please renew your membership and try and get some other person to join also.

Once a year this appeal is made to citizens of Carmel in order to carry on the work of caring for the lost and unwanted dogs and cats of the town.

PLEASE HELP

Annual members ..... $1.00 a year
Sustaining members ..... $5.00 a year

Send contribution to Dorothy Basset, Treas., 7 Arts Book Shop

For the Newly Renovated Cottage

Draperies for the Windows of

CRETONNES

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FIGURED MARQUISETTES

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When the Gifts are all assembled will yours be just one of the many or will it stand out for its beauty, good taste and distinctiveness because it was chosen at...

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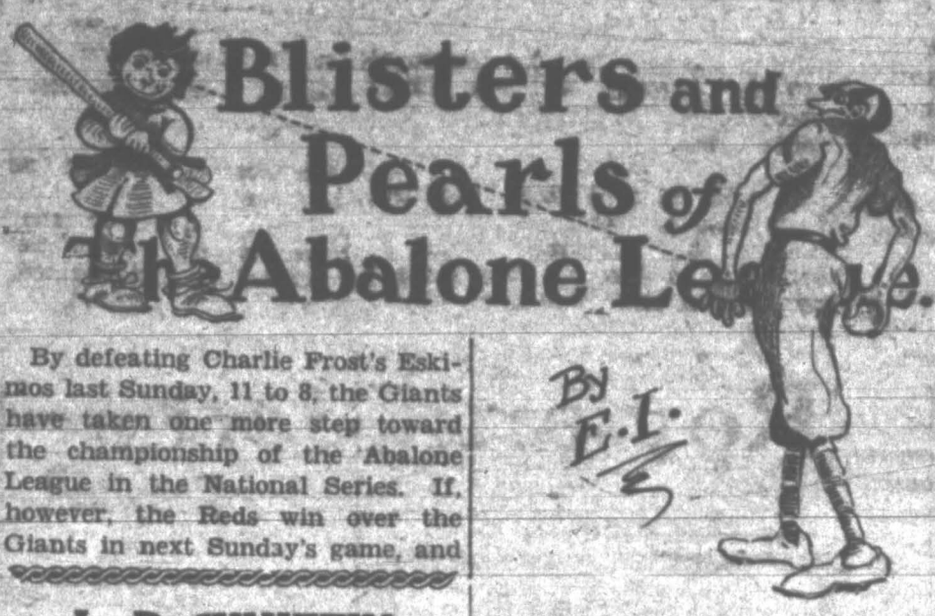

Blisters and Pearls of The Abalone League

By E. I.

By defeating Charlie Frost's Eskimos last Sunday, 11 to 8, the Giants have taken one more step toward the championship of the Abalone League in the National Series. If, however, the Reds win over the Giants in next Sunday's game, and the Crescents defeat the Eskimos, the Crescents and the Giants will be tied for first place. The date for playing off the championship of the two leagues has been set for July 4, so in case of a tie the games will have to be played off in the middle of the week.

The Pirates were defeated last Sunday by the White Sox, 12 to 4, but they stand at the top of the list in the American League, winning the right to play the championship team in the National League. Next Sunday is an open date for this league.

What started out to be a walk-away for the Giants turned out to be a close contest, when Charlie Frost's Eskimos took advantage of a "blow-up" by the Giants in the seventh inning. The Giants began the game by scoring three runs in the first inning. Doud singled and then got to third on a bunt by Conlan, and Thompson came home on a hit by Frenchy Murphy. May, the next batter, and Murphy, were then put out on a double play from second to first, made by Frost. Radcesky was the last batter. The Eskimos lost a chance to score in this inning when Frost was tagged out at home.

The Giants kept up the good work in the next inning when they scored seven runs. Dick Johnson got to first, and then a beautiful two bagger by Iola Nickols brought him in. Freddie Ammerman got to first, and Iola came home on Doud's hit. Conlan got to first, and Thompson's hit brought in Ammerman and Conlan. Jakie May then won laurels for himself by knocking a home run that brought in two other scores.

Tal Josselyn scored the first run for the Eskimos in the third inning, when he came in on Hopper's two bagger. Freddie Ammerman pitched a good game for the Giants, while Charlie Frost played his position, shortstop, in snappy fashion. When the Eskimos started to score in the last inning, it looked like a tie game for a time, until Thompson on third, made a double play.

The reds started a little late in the season to play good ball, for they won their second game in succession by defeating the Tigers 7 to 6. Most of the games have been 7 to 6 against the Reds. Winsor Josselyn and Charlie Berkey starred for the Reds.

The Shamrocks had the odds all against them again when they went down to defeat before the all-powerful Crescents. The convict shirts were good for only two games, for they lost the last two, after playing good ball for two weeks. The Crescents played all around the bases, batted well and fielded everything the Shamrocks sent out. This brings the Crescents to the second place on the list, giving them a chance to tie with the Giants.

The Pirates captured the American League championship although they were defeated by the White Sox, 12 to 4, in the first game of the day. The White Sox have not been able to break the hoodoo against them for several seasons. The name itself has seemed to be against any bunch of players, for since winning the championship three years ago, when Winsor Josselyn was captain, the odds have all been against the Sox. Hence, they are still at the bottom of the list.

The only shut-out of the day came when the Robins won over the Rangers, 8 to 0. They scored five runs in the first inning, one in the second, and two in the fourth. The Rangers could not do a thing, although they worked hard for a score.

The Scores were:

American League—White Sox 12, Prates 4; Robns 8, Rangers 0.

National League—Giants 11, Eskimos 8; Tigers 6, Reds 7; Crescents 12, Shamrocks 2.

The schedule for next Sunday is:

National League — Tigers vs. Shamrocks; Reds vs. Giants; Eskimos vs. Crescents.

American League—Open.

The club percentages are:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Giants	7	2	.777
Crescents	6	3	.666
Eskimos	5	4	.555
Tigers	4	5	.444
Reds	4	5	.444
Shamrocks	2	7	.222

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Pirates	6	3	.666
Rangers	5	4	.555
Sox	4	5	.444
Robins	3	6	.333

HONEYMOONERS FROM SOUTHLAND HERE

Miss Marie Bovard, granddaughter of the first president of the University of Southern California, Dr. Marion McKinley Bovard, was married Tuesday night, June 21, at the Little Church of the Flowers, Los Angeles, to Mr. Clifford Rawson, an alumnus of the University of Southern California. Mr. Rawson is secretary-manager of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles. Miss Bovard is also a niece of Dr. George Finley Bovard, president emeritus of the Trojan institution.

Immediately following the ceremony the couple left for Carmel-by-the-Sea, stopping at Highlands Inn for their honeymoon.

"Crime Wave" in Carmel—Pile Of Fuel Stolen

Petty thievery is becoming more and more prevalent in Carmel, as indicated by several week end robberies. A house in the corner of 12th and Carmelo streets, was entered sometime Friday and Saturday, and though nothing valuable was taken the thieves left behind a small stilletto and took the key to the door with them. A house under construction at 12th and Camino Real was robbed of a pile of kindling wood and a saw Sunday.

According to Marshal Englund, reports of petty theft in Carmel are becoming quite frequent, though in most cases nothing of great value is taken. M. J. Murphy, Carmel contractor, says several articles have been missing from places under construction recently.

Marshal Englund plans stringent means to apprehend the thieves, he says.

Deed: W. A. Oyer & wf to Dave F. LaVine & Ann S. La Vine, Jt tenants, Mar 2. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 150, 4th Add Pacific Grove.

Deed: Tax-Collector of Pacific Grove to City of Pacific Grove, Mar 22. $4.45. Lot 19, blk 5, University Add Pacific Grove.

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Studio House
of 5 rooms, 2 baths, 2 fire places and big dry basement, in 80-Acres, with Garage.
For Sale
A Bargain
Owner leaving for Europe.
See owner, Box 632 or any real estate agent.

You Cannot Buy new eyes. But a thorough eye-examination may prevent both your eyes and your body's wearing out.
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Prompt and Expert Fountain Service

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Attractive home, beautiful garden, seven rooms, two baths, garage, completely furnished, electric range, heating, continuous hot water. Terms.
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"THE HOME HOTEL"
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Greatly Reduced
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That Atmosphere of Art and Refinement
Distinctive of Carmel is Found
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Ocean Avenue and Lincoln Street — Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

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More Comfort — Less Cost
I AM CARMEL'S TRAVELER COUNSELOR
Public Stenography — HELEN STERLING — Dolores St. Carmel 40

FOR ONE WEEK
LOUISE KELSEY
will design and make
HATS
in felt and grosgrain ribbon to fit the individual
Hours—Ten to Three
at
The Cinderella Shop
Carmel

Village News Reel

Mrs. D. M. Cooper of Minneapolis, and her son, Prof. Will Cooper of the University of Minnesota, with Mrs. Boughton and Mrs. Heleff Nagelvoort of Pasadena, all well known in Carmel where they have been yearly visitors and interested in Forest Theatre affairs, have taken the Hollingsworth house in Hatton Fields for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Northup and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence J. Meadows and Miss Rena Northup, all of the Carmel valley, spent the week end with Mrs. Northup's daughter, Mrs. Alice Seidel, who has been ill in the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco.

Miss Virginia Burton, formerly of Carmel, graduated from the Sonoma high school last Monday, with the highest honors, and as editor of the class year book. She has won a scholarship in the School of Fine Arts in San Francisco.

The Carmel Community church picnic at Laurelles outing camp on Tuesday attracted about sixty people. Upon arrival at the camp all of the young people went swimming in the splendid swimming hole of clear running water. The best part of the picnic came at noon when box lunches were brought out. In the afternoon there was more swimming and the party started home at 5 o'clock.

Last Sunday was Children's Day at the Community church. The small children gave a program dressed in flower costumes. Dorothy Nixon was the flower girl.

Dr. J. C. Hoffman and family of Palo Alto wil lspend the summer in their cottage on Mission street.

Mrs. J. L. Fulton left her Carmel home the latter part of this week end and will travel several months.

H. E. Farley of Carmel went to San Jose Tuesday to attend his wife's graduation from San Jose Teachers' College. Mrs. Farley and her friend, Mrs. Alice Topp, who teaches home economics at the Roosevelt high school in that city, returned with him. Mrs. Topp will be the Farley's guest for a week.

Mrs. C. Newton gave a tea at her home on Tenth and Dolores Wednesday afternoon for a club of neighbors who have been meeting at various homes for the last three months. According to their usual custom the afternoon was spent in educational conversation and a musical program was given.

Mabel Behrens of Whitney's candy store is in Los Angeles for a week's visit to her parents.

Dr. J. Humbler of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bruce and son, James, of Oakland, and Agnes Frollie of San Francisco, sister of Mrs. G. W. Whitney were week end guests of the Whitneys.

Mr. Fred Sutton, retired mining man of Sonora, is visiting Fred Robbins this week in Carmel. Sutton went to Tuolumne county when he was a young man, in the days when that section of the country was a wilderness and has lived there for over 50 years. He has been active in mining interests in Sonora.

Miss Alicia Flanders, Mrs. Paul Flanders and Mrs. George Lewis went to San Francisco Wednesday for a few days visit.

Carmel was well represented in the Del Monte Kennel Club Show last week, when dogs belonging to local people walked away with cups and ribbons. Owners of the prize winners were George Stutsman and Mrs. C. Halstead Yates.

A drive for membership is being staged this week by the Carmel Humane society. Each member is asked to get one new member. Because of the rapid growth of the town it is impossible for the society to get in personal touch with all of the animal lovers. Membership dues should be sent to the Seven Arts.

Five Carmel students received their Bachelor of Arts diplomas at Stanford University last Monday at the 36th annual commencement. They are Theodore Criley, military science and tactics, Andrew Gillette, engineering, Doris Fee, classical literature and Wesley Davidson, history.

George Ball was the guest of honor at a surprise birthday dinner given by members of the Forest Theatre Board last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson. After the dinner, the guests all went to the rehearsal of "If I Were King" at the theatre.

The Boys' Baseball League of the Sunset school ended its season last week, with the closing of school on Friday. This left the Indians as winners, with the Yankees and the Athletics tied for second place.

Having their honeymoon at the Green Lantern at Seventh and Casanova streets are Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo J. Guiteriz of Berkeley, married in Oakland June 14. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Popetone of Oakland and young Guiteriz is the son of the Consul General of Nicaragua. Rudolfo Guiteriz, and his wife. Both the young people are U. C. students.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valdanzer of Pasadena are guests of the Green Lantern on a fortnight's visit to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Jensen of San Jose, with their two daughters, were guests of the Argyll Campbells last week-end.

Miss Dorothy Rockwell of San Jose was in Carmel as a week-end visitor.

Miss Marion Wiethase of Taft is visiting her cousin Miss Jane Foster. Fenton Foster and the two young ladies motored to Palo Alto for a day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Thare of Oakland were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. DeYoe for a few days last week.

Mrs. John Edwin Montague, nee Nellie Murphy, was here last week on a visit to her father, Martin M. Murphy.

Celia B. Seymour is now in her Carmel studio, Junipero and 12th streets, to remain until September. Miss Seymour, who has charge of the landscape and portrait classes of the Arts and Crafts Summer School, has just completed an oil portrait of Mrs. A. Moore for her daughter, Mrs. Walter Starr of Piedmont.

Miss Fay Murphy arrived in Carmel last week from Oregon. She has been attending the University of Oregon for the last year. She will remain here through the summer months until school opens in the fall.

Miss Helen Willard is expected home at the end of this week. She has been attending an art school in Los Angeles for the last year.

Bernard Shaw's famous play, "Fanny's First Play," was read last week by the play reading group at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson on the Point.

John Neikirk is spending this week in Palo Alto visiting his parents.

D. L. Staniford has been taken to the Peninsula Hospital for care of his leg which he broke at a baseball game two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watts and daughter Francis of St. Louis are visiting Mrs. Purdy at the Grace Graham cottage.

Stella Guichard and Mr. and Mrs. A. McGarough spent Father's Day in Santa Cruz with their parents.

Mrs. A. E. Harker of Monterey Presidio is the new clerk at Stella's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kissam of Los Angeles are staying at the Highlands for two weeks.

Mrs. Albert J. Lindo of Panama City visited in Carmel over the week end, leaving on Wednesday for the south.

Mrs. Willis G. White, Miss Ruth Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Fields left last Friday for a several days' riding trip down the coast.

Moira Wallace visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Wallace over the week end. Miss Wallace, a talented young artist, is now employed by Foster and Kleiser in San Francisco. She is designing color schemes for advertising posters.

Jean Taylor Woods arrived in Carmel last Saturday from Seattle, Washington, where she has been attending the University. She will remain in Carmel for the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor at their home on Monte Verde.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clothier Watts recently returned to their home at the Highlands from a year's visit to Europe. They visited Egypt, Spain, Italy, and many other countries. Mr. Watts brought back with him a number of sketches and paintings that he did during his trip.

Paul Jenks returned to Carmel on Saturday from a two weeks' motor trip through northern California. He left again Monday evening for San Francisco, where he will remain for a few days before returning here.

Mrs. Joseph M. Wods has returned from Washington, where she spent the past winter attending the University of Washington. Mrs. Woods will be better remembered as Jean Taylor, of Carmel.

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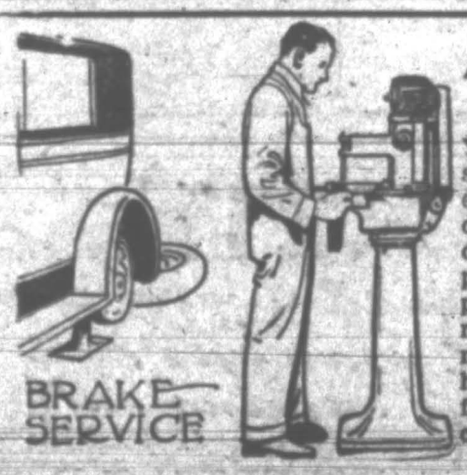

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CARMEL GARAGE

CARMEL PHONE 112

Miss Margaret Fortier of San Francisco has taken the Parker cottage, Fourth and Camino Real, for the summer. Miss Fortier is a sister of Mrs. F. R. Bechdolt and Mrs. W. L. Overstreet.

Waldo Hicks spent the week end visiting friends in Fresno.

Martin Flavin, playwright, whose home is a few miles down the coast has recently completed a new drama entitled "Spindthrift," with scenes laid in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bently and their children are occupying the Yates cottage, Ocean and Casanova for a few weeks. The Bentlys are from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Meyer and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bertram of Alameda left Carmel the first of the week after a visit here of several weeks. They stayed at "Cheerio," the Heathorne cottage on the Point.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Huckins of San Francisco have taken the Parker cottage on the Point for a few weeks' stay.

Lynn Brankamp and his mother, of San Jose, are staying at their cottage on Casanova for a short time.

Miss Mary Ingels, who is a pupil of David Alberto, has recently begun playing for the movies at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

Billy Staniford of San Francisco is in Carmel to spend the summer with his father, Donald L. Staniford of the Staniford Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carathures of Pasadena and their four children have take nthe Washburn cottage on Carmelo for the summer.

Edith Guth and her daughter Adaline have left Carmel for two weeks, which time they will spend in San Jose and Oakland.

George G. Brosch and Mercedes E. Herrington, both of San Francisco, were married at Carmel Community church by Rev. I. M. Terwilliger last Saturday evening. They were attended by Margaret and Thomas Lochhart of Altadena, Cal., and the bride's mother gave the bride away.

The Boy Scouts went on an overnight hike to Mal Paso canyon last Saturday afternoon under direction of Scout Master Normand and Mr. Balou, returning Sunday afternoon.

A second meeting of the Men of Carmel Advisory Council in Support of Prohibition Law Enforcement is to be held at the residence of Preston W. Search, Thirteenth and Casanova streets, on Monday evening, June 27, at 8 o'clock. The meeting is for interested men, and all such are invited to attend. The question is, "The Situation in Carmel, and What Can Be Done?"

A party of Carmel people spent last week end in Yosemite. They were: Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Minges and daughter Marion, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hull and their small son, Lee. They report a wonderful trip saying that the weather was perfect.

Mrs. Mary Hamlin of Carmel has gone to New York state where she will spend three months in Syracuse and New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wheldon entertained friends at dinner one night this week. Their guests were Mrs. Margaret Rockwell, John Rockwell and Mrs. Hazlett.

Word has been received from Mrs. B. E. Hopkins of the Jasmine Bush Gift Shop on Dolores, that with her party she has gone from Yosemite to Giant Forest in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Ida Maynard Curtis, well known local artist is leaving in a day or two for the Sierra Nevadas where she contemplates painting some snow pictures.

The Garden section of the Carmel Woman's club will meet in the garden of the home of Mrs. Alfred K. Miller, San Antonio and Eighth streets, tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. George Sullivan, wife of the dean of the college of engineering at the University of Santa Clara, and Miss Giddings, a member of the faculty of the University of Arizona, were guests at the Old Cabin over the last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sheldon of Pasadena have been spending their honeymoon at the Learned cottage on Casanova. Mrs. Sheldon was Miss Peggy Learned, who lived in Carmel for several years.

Miss Helen Ward of Alameda, granddaughter of Joseph Hand, is visiting Miss Helen Ward of Carmel for a short time.

FINANCIAL DEAL BENEFITS CARMEL

The most important financial development in Monterey in many months is the just completed affiliation of the Monterey Peninsula Building and Loan Association, through State Guaranty Corporation, with Pacific States Savings and Loan Company of San Francisco. It was negotiated by Fenton Foster and M. W. McMenamin.

The affiliation is looked upon as exceedingly beneficial to the entire territory hereabouts, since it will make available ample funds for the financing of home ownership in this rapidly growing district.

The affiliation does not affect the status of Fenton Foster, Secretary and manager, and M. W. McMenamin, President of Monterey Peninsula Building and Loan Association. They will continue to administer the company with, however, greatly increased resources behind them.

State Guaranty Corporation is an investment trust and management organization (holding company) operating in the California Savings and Building-Loan Association field. It is headed by A. E. Falch, President, formerly California Building and Loan Commissioner; John Franklin Johnson, Vice President and Treasurer, formerly Superintendent of Banks of California, and A. E. Grow, Vice President, formerly Executive Vice President of Security Title Insurance and Guaranty company.

Pacific States Savings and Loan Company is San Francisco's largest and one of its oldest Building and Loan Associations, with assets of more than $4,550,000. The aggregate assets of the two associations is in excess of $4,730,000.

The co-affiliation of the local Association will make excess loanable funds of Pacific States Savings and Loan Company available, at need, for loans on homes in this vicinity.

Mr. Fenton Foster, in announcing the affiliation, says "We believe our affiliation with State Guaranty Corporation will be of the utmost benefit to Monterey, Carmel, Salinas and the surrounding country, for it will enable us to extend to many more people, who desire to finance home ownership on a sound basis, the State supervised amortized loan method of our Association, a method that protects the home owner against unduly high charges for his lot and home, and permits him to borrow for a just charge, and by systematically reducing his loan to eventually "clear his home."

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CRIME IN THE VILLAGE

It was Tuesday night, and we were riding along in our "large sedan of expensive make," admiring the sunset and early stars, and the silhouette of trees against the night sky, when suddenly a machine raced past and turned down Monte Verde. It was a small truck, had two occupants in the front seat, and Gus in the back, riding Roman, with his hands on the back of the cushion, as though steering his powerful steed!

"Well, well," we said, "we mustn't let this go by—it's a big story." So we followed down Monte Verde. Faster and faster the truck went, so faster and faster we went—feeling sure by this time that our efforts would be rewarded by a big "scoop." When the truck reached the end of the street it turned around and started back. We did too. It stopped within a block, and Gus jumped out and ran up a path to a house where a light burned in one of the rooms. He tried the front door and then the back door. He then tried the windows. They too were locked. Somebody said, "Have you got your gun?" Then we knew that it was nothing less than murder—cold blooded murder committed behind locked doors! We had visions of the body lying on the floor, cold and stark, in a pool of coagulated blood. Then Gus called to ask that someone get the keys in a hurry. The car raced away. In a short time it was back. Gus took the keys, opened the front door and walked stealthily in. Our hearts were still in our mouths. Suppose the murderer was still in there—that he would shoot our Gus. We listened but heard no report of a gun. The light in the house went out. Ah, yes, Gus had been gagged and tied up—but no, here he was coming out of the house. He locked the door, got into the car and drove away. We followed, and when he climbed out of the machine on Ocean avenue we stopped and asked him what the excitement was.

"Nothing at all," he said. "A neighbor looked out of his window and saw a light burning in a house that had just been vacated by the owner, and thought that somebody had broken into the place and robbed it. But she, evidently a forgetful soul, had just neglected to turn the light out. That's all."

WE HAVE OUR DRYADS

Through the treetops at sunset time I glimpsed a little orchid clad figure dancing with as much abandon as a hummingbird displays in flitting to and fro among trumpet flowers gathering nectar. At first it appeared to be a fairy in its tags and tatters—the costume for balmy weather. Its sunny head was the jaunty resting place of a carelessly arranged wreath. It was oblivious to this and the rest of its appearance. It was conscious only of the fragrance of the air among the pines, of the glory of one of our rare sunsets, of the fantastic shadows cast by long pines and of the physical joy of movement and rhythm in a natural dance.

Stealthily I crept to a position on a leaning oak trunk where I watched, charmed by the nymph, until the evil spirit in the form of the dryad's little black dog, discovered me and raised a racket. I was trapped in the tree until the dancer called the beast away. I had been watching a child dancing on the flat roof of a Spanish house.

The close of school prompted many delightful parties among the high school set of Carmel, one of the pleasantest being in Dick Criley's home at the Highlands last Thursday evening. Nearly a score of guests danced and made merry in the spacious Criley living room. Among those present were Olive Littlefield, Evelyn Zaches, Florence Snure, Marguerite Tickle, Jean Shaw, Pauline Meeks, Lucille Laughton, Alice Williams, Walter Weber, Bing Snow, Carl Evans Brown, Maurice Stoney, John Sandholdt Jr., James Hopper, Karl Sandholdt, Gordon Campbell and Walter Flanders.

G. Delamora, Carmel valley rancher, was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 or spend 10 days in the county jail after he pleaded guilty to a reckless driving charge before Justice of the Peace Ray Baugh.

Delamora was arrested on the Castroville road by State Traffic Officer Arnold Heinhold late yesterday afternoon. At the time of the arrest Delamora was alleged to have been weaving wildly on the highway.

Delamora was attempting to raise money to pay his fine this afternoon.

Carmel Martin, Monterey attorney, addressed the court on Delamora's behalf, stating that he was a man of good character and ordinarily a law-abiding citizen.

Deed: Tax-collector of Pacific Grove to City of Pacific Grove, Mar 22. $2.60. Lot 24, Blk 5, 1st Add Pacific Grove.

Deed: Walter M. Basham & wf to Amelia L. Gates, Jan 11. $10. Lot 9 & S½ of 8, Blk 107, Add No. 5, Carmel.

Deed: Dave F. La Vine & wf to Roy P. Grant and Alta M. Grant, Jt ten. Mar 5. $10. Same as above deed.

Little Bright Eyes

Told by Geraldine Jitters to Winsor Josselyn

The other afternoon I was hurrying home for supper after playing at Irmintrude's house. As I went past the corner drug store I looked in and saw a lot of men in there looking at something. So I stopped.

One of them said, "Ain't that the cutest thing?" and he laughed.

Now I love cute things and I though maybe it was a puppy or a kitten that somebody had found so I went inside too. But it wasn't. It was a little girl with a sailor hat on and a little boy in an Army suit, and they were looking at each other and everybody was watching them.

"Go ahead," somebody said to the girl, "you salute him and he'll salute you back."

But the little girl wouldn't do it, and stood there with her arms at her sides and the little boy held his nose in the air as if he didn't like her at all. And then everybody laughed.

"It looks like the navy won't salute the army," another man said, "and it ain't the first time, either. Sailors sure are mighty independent who they salute, and always will be."

"Is that so?" asks another man, his laugh sort of going away.

"Sure is. I guess I was a sailor long enough to know, and the army never started nothing the navy didn't finish."

This made some other men laugh and some others scowl, and they looked around at each other as if somebody had heard thunder and a storm was coming. But storms don't scare me so I just looked at those two little children.

"Won't do it," said the little girl.

"Atta sailor!" hollered the man who had spoken about the navy being so independent. "You tell the army."

The other man spoke in a funny voice and asked what he meant, and the first man said he meant tell 'em anything, and the other man said is that so and the other said it was and wanted to know why.

And all of a sudden they were right close together and something happened I couldn't understand because they grabbed each other and went around and around and fell onto the floor under the table full of magazines. And they called each other things that papa called the ditch diggers that night.

And the two other men on the opposite side made faces at each other and began poking their arms at each other. "Stop this!" said the drugstore man, but they didn't stop.

Well, in no time at all, as our jeweler said once, the rest of the men were either saying things at each other or trying to pull the rest apart, and there was an awful lot of yelling about the army and the navy and how somebody could go somewhere and how somebody wouldn't go alone, and a window in a showcase got broken and the table of magazines tipped over. It was awful. But so exciting. And lots of noise. And lots of swearing, I guess it was.

Then somebody gives a loud yell and points at the little boy and girl. She was standing there saluting him and he was saluting her back, just like a real soldier and a lady would. And one by one the fighters stopped banging on the floor and hollering things and got up and said they'd be damned and the kids sure could salute.

"Say," said one man, holding a hand to his eye, "them kids is a good lesson. Let's call it square. We'll all go to my house and see what we can find. What do you say?"

And they all cheered and hurried out and went down the street just awful friendly. And that's what I saw really happen in Carmel.

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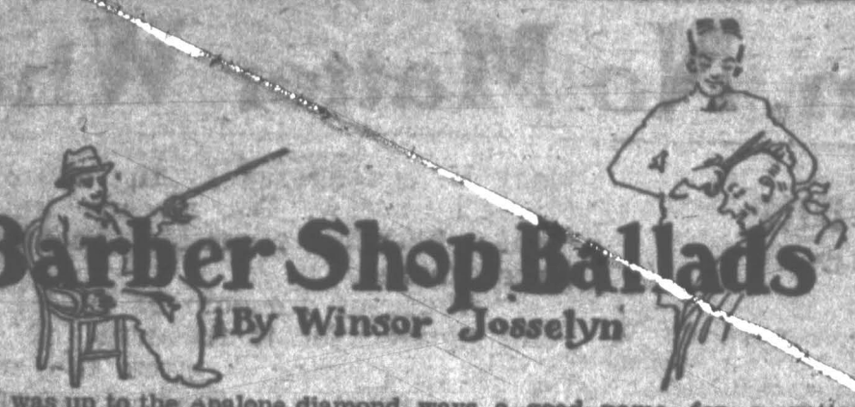

Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

"I was up to the Asalone diamond last Sunday," announced Al, waggling his cane like a baseball bat as he came through the doorway of the little barber shop. "In fact, I'm up there every Sunday, and say, I wouldn't miss seein' those games for worlds."

The speaker seated himself in the shop's guest chair and placed his cane at parade-rest. With a nod toward the potted geranium around whose roots the barber was digging with a piece of broken comb, and the statement that Alfred was always a good name for a potied plant, he broke into chatty reminiscence.

"Gorry, but how that baseball league has grown. And the town of Carmel, you might say, has grown just the same way. Started all care free and quiet and haphazard, and look how combed and brushed we are now.

"Yes, sir, I remember down on the Point, when Thorne Taylor, back from bein' an aviator in the war, brought out a big ball and a mighty slender bat, and told folks what fun it was to play a sort of modified baseball, and everybody sort of sniffed and raised their eyebrows, and then got home late for supper because of bein' so excited playin.' Excited is just the word, and they'd play every afternoon, as many as ten or a dozen of 'em, draftin' the Reamer children to help out when they run short, and the Reamer children wasn't more than three foot high then, and you had to look right sharp for 'em in center field, so high was the grass out there."

Old Al broke off to chuckle. "That diamond. A fine flat one it was at first, even if it did have high grass, but some unthinking soul come along and bought all of right field and put up a house, and after a home run had gone through the front window the players began to feel sort of cramped, and moved off toward the ocean more, and swung the diamond around, so that the fielders was away up hill, with tall lupine bushes all around. And the squirrel holes! Say, I've seen people that begun that league bring down a whole tonneau load of magazines and newspapers and dump 'em in those holes and keep on dumpin' just like into that bottomless pit in the Great Salt Lake when they was buildin' the railroad. And even at that, they might overlook one or the squirrels would get busy during the week, and a fielder would be sky-hootin' along after a high fly, head away up, and just disappear from sight like he had never existed. Or he'd clutch at a bull and at the same time do a circus dive over lupine, and you'd have to send out a searching party to find him. Well, well."

The occupant of the guest chair paused to fire up his pipe, borrowing some of the barber's tobacco, then resumed speech.

"Not many cars around that diamond in those days, and newcomers was kind of slow about askin' to play. Why, sir, the first game By Ford played, he was put out on the children's team, on the extra diamond, and chased after balls that went down into the ocean. And Eddie Burns, he waited bashful-like a whole year before he'd consent to show what a real fade-away slide looked like. And now," and here Al shook a solemn head; "and now, Lord bless me, I'm told that some of the people that just got off a train rush up all happy and bright-eyed and ask just what position do they play, on a good team, and where's the free pants and shoes and why ain't the diamond graded better and the grass kept cut all nice.

"Grass! Yes, sir, that new diamond's got grass, and a level infield, and there's a backstop and a scoreboard and benches and a choice of spectators' benches, and them benches all crammed with folks, and the ladies, God bless 'em—I said bless 'em—rootin' just like the ladies did in them Roman games where they cut off heads, and baseball goin' on every solid minute from eleven in the morning till fifteen hats to strike out with, and dark, and then going on some more in most every home in town, and especial at Doc Staniford's drug store. And that reminds me."

Here the narrator got to his feet.

"You know Doc Staniford broke his leg slidin' in second a week or so ago, and I'm going down to see him and tell him the store don't seem natural without him there. And I bet if everybody goes and calls on him he'll be back in that store just that much quicker. It's men like that Doc that's made the spirit of the League keep pretty near like what it originally was, all growed up though Carmel may be."

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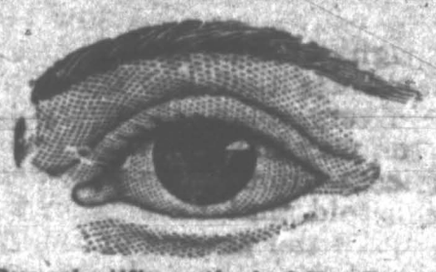

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Franz Ludwig's Musical Digest

By Thomas Vincent Cator

Last Friday evening, some thirty or forty Carmelians gathered at the studio of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene for the purpose of meeting and hearing Mr. and Mrs. Max Pantelieieff, who have recently come from Montreal with Prof. and Mrs. Francis Lloyd to spend the summer in Carmel.

We feel that Mr. Pantelieieff is a distinct acquisition to Carmel's musical life. It is with gratification that we welcome an artist of his magnitude.

Mr. Pantelieieff sang for us, and we were all deeply impressed by the power and richness of his voice—and especially by his consummate art in the matter of interpretation of Russian songs. He is an actor—and a splendid one, with a fine dominating personality that is both vigorous and prepossessing.

Mrs. Pantelieieff is endowed with much personal charm, and has a voice and manner of singing entirely out of the ordinary. She is truly a weaver of enchantment.

I should like to compliment Mrs. Mabel Gray Young for the musicianly way in which she handled the difficult accompaniment on such short notice.

Mr. Frank Wickman was present and, among other piano solos, rendered one founded upon a Finnish theme which completely took my fancy.

Surely we will all look forward to a recital by Max Pantelieieff in the not far distant future.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink will spend the summer at her home in San Diego.

Marion Talley is planning to take, this summer, her first real rest in two years. She will sing in San Francisco early in the coming season.

Elizabeth Rethberg will return soon from her European triumphs, to sing at Ravinia Park in Chicago.

The highest paid woman singer in England, at the present time, is Evelyn Laye, who is receiving $1600 a week in Princess Charming. She is hailed as the most perfect type of English beauty, while her singing voice, though not remarkable, is very good. Her histrionic ability is considerably above the standard demanded for musical comedy; and she has the flair for wearing modern and "period" clothes with equal grace.

Deed—Christian Amolsch & wf to May L. Chase, Mar. 17. $10. N½ of Lots 11 & 13, Blk. 141, 4th Add. Pacific Grove.

Deed: Del Monte Prop Co. to George J. Fortier & Ellen P. Fortier, Jt tenants. Mar. 15. $10. 0.353 acs, Blk 309, Pacific Grove Acres.

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Unless Carmel keeps its head right now, we are going to have one of those ugly village rows that have, at various times, broken the town into warring camps, and made long and bitter enmities between neighbors and former friends. The library matter threatens to become an issue as full of dynamite as a powder-house in a mining camp. Already people are taking sides and calling names.

Yet we know that nobody is trying to rob us of anything, or commit any crime, or do more than, perhaps, some bit of foolishness. We know that neither side of the legal muss is seeking to make money or graft off the bequest of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison. We may not agree with what has been done, or this part, or that plan, but if we will stop to think, we KNOW that there is, or has been, no crookedness or dishonesty in the handling of the funds.

That way of thought, calm and reasonable, will tell us that those who are holding back the construction of the library by a restraining order are acting in the belief that they know the wishes of the benefactress, before her death, as to the kind of library she wanted, and think it their duty to attempt to carry them to a completion. If it were possible to say of anyone that has gone, that he might not have changed his ideas, or modified plans made years before, then such would indeed be the duty of these friends of the dead. But it may well be in this case that, were Mrs. Harrison alive today, she would have an understanding of the changed conditions, and be in agreement with the trustees of her estate.

That Mrs. Harrison, by her will, in the belief that there would always and forever be five honest, upright men on the Board of Trustees of Carmel, did make those five men—whoever they should be—the trustees of her bequest, did give them unlimited authority in their trust, and restricted them as little as possible, speaks a belief in the goodness and honesty of humanity that you and I should respect, and try to imitate. None of us need worry, when she did not; none of us should cry out distrust, when she trusted men. Not these men only—all men in whom the people of Carmel had such confidence as to elect to its governing body.

So let us not start the seething bile of bitterness that leads to hate, and tears wide the bonds of amity that make Carmel a fit place to live. Now that this affair is in the courts, let us all await the outcome, refraining from charges and insinuations; and when the court has determined that these plans are, or are not, in conformity with the terms of the bequest and trust, let us go ahead under that decision. Remembering always that Mrs. Harrison's thought was to do a great and unselfish thing for Carmel. Not to build for herself, or for her husband, a monument so much as to give to the village that she loved, her home town, something for its benefit.

THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH

With the Governor's pardon of Anita Whitney, comes to the front again the question of what is meant by the constitutional right of free speech. Here is, briefly, the American Legion's definition, broadcasted by the California department:

"The American Legion can never watch unconcerned the abuse of freedom of speech," State Adjutant James K. Fisk declares in the pronouncement from the Legion headquarters. "It is in the defense of freedom of speech as well as other fundamental American ideals, that Legion Posts have taken their stand against individuals and organizations which have made flagrant misuse of this freedom. The right of the entire nation to free speech may be endangered by the abuse of the right by a few. We already have seen other liberties restricted because they were abused."

"Abuse of freedom of speech" is an odd phrase, for if freedom of speech means anything, it gives the right to abuse. There is no need of guaranteeing freedom for approval, or for constructive criticism, or for mild disapproval; no one will ever attempt to question our constitutional right to do these things; but we were granted by the United States Constitution the privilege of abuse. We were granted the privilege of tearing down the Government, if we willed, by word of mouth. By word of mouth only. By peaceful protest in speech.

"Flagrant misuse of this freedom" is impossible, for the freedom granted is for flagrant abuse. What else can it mean? Not freedom to applaud the government certainly. And there is law in plenty against the first overt act; yes, and law a-plenty to cover conspiracy to commit illegality.

That the men who fought across seas and went through that great, broadening experience of war, should be now intolerant of the right of free speech is one of the strange things that has come out of that war. Every man in every outfit groused at the way the war was conducted by the officers from mess-sergeant up. Had he been told that he must not criticise in his squad the actions of the "Top" or abuse to his buddy the "Second-looeys," he would certainly have resigned from the army.

The American Legion has a bigger business than the policing of talk, or the silencing of the grousers, or the interpretation of the Constitutional right of freedom of speech. And there is no organization in the land that should more quickly and thoroughly approve the action of Governor Young in pardoning Anita Whitney than the men who fought for the principles of freedom in the countries across the water.

Carmel Pine Cone

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

THE FRIENDLY MOUNTAIN

By Joan Stafford

There was a time I thought I'd never be
Content away from my first love—the Sea.
I learned to listen for its voice at night,
Weaving through dreams, and with the morning light,
One glimpse of sapphire waters, laughing in the sun,
Would set each day aright again, no matter how begun.

And now I have instead a valley green.
A friendly mountain, smiling, can be seen
From out my window; while at dusk a breeze
Softly sings lullabies among the trees.
And so I find these new possessions bring to me
A deeper, gentler peace than that once offered by the Sea.

PROOF?

By Ethel Romig Fuller

If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;

If the petaled white notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;

If songs, like crimson roses,
Are culled from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?

—July Sunset.

PRAYER

By Alice de Nair

It does not take the night and stars
Or bended knee to make a prayer,
The darkness and light hold no respite
For the sorrows you would spare.

In a laughing throng I have seen the eyes
Of one whose voice rang gay
But 'twas only the mask of a brave heart's task
To smile and jest and pray!

ADVENTURE

By Joan Stafford

Oh, we'll follow the gleaming path of gold
To lands that are far away,
O'er sparkling seas to the ends of the earth.
We'll be gone for a year and a day.

And the moon just for us a spell shall weave,
In patterns of wondrous hue;
A magic spell spun from moonbeams and stars,
And trimmed with a comet or two.

HAIL THE SUN, AND ALL THAT

The longest day of the year, Tuesday, June 21, did its stuff by showing the sun's face for an afternoon and sunset that was later than any sunset in 1927. Which all goes to show that we should never despair or say die. As the poet sings:

"Do unto others as you'd have them do to you;
Always be gentle, tender, kind and true;
Look upon the sunny side of life where e'er you go;
And remember that a stitch in time saves nine."

There were, we have no doubt, people in Carmel who had made up their minds that there was no sun; there were pessimists who could not repeat, without gagging, those words of the poet,

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

But we optimists knew that sooner or later a bright day would come. If June didn't come through with what the poet has so aptly said,

"O, what is so rare as a day in June!"

then either July or August would give us a rare day. We have kept up our spirits continually, telling tourist visitors to our village how this was the first time in fourteen years, and keeping the cough-drops on the stand beside the bed.

And so, having seen the sun again on June 21, we echo the poet who says,

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

The Editors Offer All That They've Got

NOT THE CARMEL WAY OF BUSINESS

If the strength of Carmel's children, and the health of Carmel's babies have to go into the construction of a building that will "give Carmel a Dairy Depot second to none in the state," as the Carmel Dairy and Eureka Dairy put it in an advertisement they offered the Pine Cone last week, then it is better to go without the dairy depot. Improvements made at the cost of the children are to expensive.

This statement is made cautiously, and is not an exaggeration of the situation in the milk business here. When two dairies, handling the bulk of the supply of milk in the town, formed a combine to raise the price of milk two cents a quart, they struck a serious blow at the health of Carmel's children. In the budget of the family of ordinary means, where there are small children, milk is an item of importance in expense. Two cents a quart raise is serious, and may mean less milk taken, or some other, and poorer food substituted in the children's diet.

And having carefully read the dairy-combine's signed statement, we repeat that there is no reason for an increase in the price of milk that justifies two producers getting together and setting the price. We insist that Mr. Erickson's expenditure of $8000 to give Carmel a Dairy Depot is not something to be paid off by immediate profits, but is a capital investment. We insist that delivery costs are no greater this year than last, and that they are not "twice as high as in the average city."

We do not agree with the signed statement where it reads: "We consider it poor business to sell an article for 12 cents when the market price is 14 cents." We will agree that these two dairies think that way, and are living up to that business policy. We agree that they may get away with such a cold blooded policy, which is stated by them as "merely war declared off." But we emphatically say that such a policy of business, when babies and children are involved, is not the Carmel way.

People Talked About

The American Legion war films, "Men of Purpose," shown last week, started our war dogs barking. Probably more reminiscences of the late unpleasantness were dug from the backs of brains to slip through lips that had been long fast locked than in the nine years since the war.

Of the men of Carmel who had experience in France, Eliot ("Bull") Durham and Jimmie Hopper are able to give truer and more varied pictures of war than any of them, most likely. Durham served more months in the line than anyone around here that I know of. On August 4, 1914, thirty minutes after war was declared by England, Durham was in uniform, at the armory of the 51st Canadian Infantry (Sault Ste. Marie Rifles). Two weeks later, he was in the training camp at Val Cartier, and on September 21, as a buck private of the 2nd Canadian Infantry, set sail over-seas..

Five years later, in August, 1919, he was demobbed. The sixty-month interval had held a lot for Durham. On four separate occasions he had been wounded, once by bayonet, three times by artillery fire. Shrapnel had punctured him so full of holes that an accurate count of his wounds would sound like a pepper-pot top. He left the service a First Lieutenant, acting-Captain, 11th Canadian Engineers.

He has to be listened to when he talks of war. So does Jimmie Hopper, but for a different reason. Hopper wasn't a veteran, or plugged full of bullets, but he was a war correspondent, and got a broader view of things in general than any of us who served in the line. And while Hopper learned things for his papers at army, corps and division headquarters, where news was news and not rumors, he also went front and holed in with the actual scrappers.

Even I, who saw the tail end of the affair from behind camouflage nets and on the seat of an escort wagon, hold my breath and listen when either of these men tell tales of the days of red war. Those who must get their idea of it from stories, or from films, should seek the opportunity to hear them talk.

Because he has worked quietly and unobtrusively, Carmel does not know much about Homer Emons. It does not know that he came here two years ago from Santa Barbara after the quake there, built a home in the Eighty Acres, painted landscapes and marines, and that now he is designing the stage sets for the Forest Theater production of "If I Were King." Although Emons is now working under entirely different circumstances from what he has been used to, the sets will be some of the most attractive the Forest Theater has ever seen, if drawings mean anything. Drawings of the models are now being made on a half inch scale, and the sets will be built from them in the exact proportions that have been figured out. Emons is assisted by Rhoda and Dick Johnson.

After working on stage settings in New York for many years, Emons came to California for rest, with Mrs. Emons. They got nicely settled in Santa Barbara, when the earthquake came and upset all their plans. From there they came to Carmel and built their attractive home. Since his arrival here two years ago, he has been intending to rest but has not yet found the chance—with painting, house building, gardening, stage sets, and the Lord knows what all.

* * * * * *

Emons has designed sets for Daniel Frohman and has been for many years with the Metropolitan Opera House. His sets for "The Old Homestead" are still in existence and are still being used. At one time he had seven studios going at once, in order to complete all of his work. In New York, he worked in a large studio, where he could get a correct idea of the size and effect of the stage settings.

Because of the variations in our climate, it has been difficult to work steadily. This, by the way, is the first time Emons has done the sets for an out of door theater. Since coming to Carmel, Emons has done a number of landscapes and marines. He says that he is not a modernist—that he paints what he sees and does not change what the Almighty has made.

Moira Wallace, Carmel's youthful artist, about whom we have enthused before in this column with reason, has taken a job at hard work with Foster and Kleiser, the billboardists of San Francisco and everywhere else along the coast, and will earn the money necessary to give herself a good art education by designing color schemes and lay-outs for them. Perhaps she can make less painful the highways of the state in their man-made art. Let us hope so; anyhow, it's good training for the young artist.

* * * * * *

Xavier Martinez, a score of years ago, not only designed the road signs for Marquette Rye Whiskey, but he actually painted the billboards in the cities about the bay. It was found, after he had made the sketches—some twenty of them, showing incidents in the life of Pierre Marquette—that the painters employed by the sign company couldn't reproduce them and hold their quality. We knew Martinez could, and we prevailed upon him to tackle the job. With a helper, he was to work from the scaffolding with buckets of paint beside him, big brushes in hand, and cover the yards and yards of boardings with his painting.

Martinez had to join the Sign Painters Union, which nearly disrupted the arrangement. "Eet ees a cri-i-ime!" Marty shouted. "Me a Union? No, no!" But we eased his pride, paid his fee, and got him a card. Marty went out on the job.

He came home from his first day long before the hour to quit work. There had been trouble with his helper, whom Marty insisted had tried to shake him off the scaffolding. He would wobble the narrow footway just as Marty was stretched into a precarious pose, and Marty would have to drop brushes and pails to save himself from falling. He refused to go again on the scaffold with the helper.

We fixed that by giving him another and steadier helper, and Marty soon learned to balance himself while he threw paint. And those Marquette Whiskey ads were real art, believe me. Marty has his Union card yet, an honorable memento of the days when he really worked.

The other day, over in the woods of Paradise Park which adjoins our place, my wife saw a man and woman forsaking two kittens. They had brought them there in a car, carried them into the heart of the grove, left them hastily, and had gone their callous way.

When I arrived home, we owned two kittens, one white, the other striped gray and brown. They were gentle, and had been pets. The white kitten is the excuse for this writing; he has one blue eye and one brown eye, just as distinctly different in color as a turquoise and a topaz.

This discrepancy in cats' eyes may not be unusual or remarkable, but seeing it brought the quick question, "Bertha, did you ever——."

"Mrs. Hanson's cat!" Bertha came back at me.

"Yep. At the Carmel Development office. Seventeen years ago. That cat of Mrs. Hanson's had just such eyes."

"And was white all over—not a single spot on it—just like this kitten. Do you suppose——."

"Haven't a doubt of it," I finished for her, firmly. "This cat is a descendent in the direct line from Lily Hanson's big white——."

"Tom cat!" said Bertha. "He was a Tom cat. I recall that now."

"Well, why not? What of it? Aren't I descended from the Pilgrim Fathers? Not Mothers—Fathers. Lily Hanson's big white Tom cat is this kitten's ancestor, probably a great-great-grandfather."

So when Mrs. Lilian Hanson gets back from Honolulu she is to be surprised and delighted by the offer of a one-topaz-one-turquois-eyed kitten, lineal descendent of the Carmel Development office cat.

* * * * *

Tonight is Arthur Cyril's night. In other words, it's the opening performance of Los Gatos' great pageant drama, "La Primavera," of which Arthur is Pageant Master. And as the show has in its cast more than three hundred men, women and children, who are "guests of the Morenos, people who work on the hacienda, Mateo's troupe of singers and dancers, Murietta's bandits, and the Indian sheep-shearers," as the program has it, not to mention principals, I'll guess that Arthur is quite busy.

"La Primavera," the ninth annual Los Gatos pageant, was written by B. Ignacio Ortega, a descendent of that noted Sergeant Jose Ortega, who came with Don Gaspar de Portola in 1769 and found—and helped found—Monterey. How we lost him to Los Gatos I can't guess. However, there he is, and tonight he will sit in the author's box—or wherever they put their authors in that open air theatre—and see his story of the bandit Murietta unwind itself on stage.

Marianne Mathieu Wilson is also down there, playing the second lead, Estrellita, daughter of Mateos. She too, is half our own of Carmel, visiting here nearly every summer. Frank Mathieu's girl, and Frank directed "Runnymede" and "Aladdin" for us, and either Marianne or her sister, or both, danced in the chorus. She is very prominent in San Francisco society now, was dramatic chairman of last year's Junior League show, and has been reelected for this year's production.

One of Arthur Cyril's this-year's tricks is a waterfall that comes over the cliff at the back of the stage; a cliff hundreds of feet high, with trails winding down it on a zig-zag, grown over with wonderful brush and great trees. This waterfall should be an added beauty to the eye, but what it will do to the ear is yet to be learned. I built a very small waterfall on the Forest Theatre stage once, but cut off the flow of water after dress rehearsal, because the insistent sound of it interfered with the dialogue being heard.

For a curtain, the Los Gatos stage has a water spray, shot up from a pipe pierced with holes extending across the wide proscenium. Upon this curtain of water, colored lights are thrown, giving rather startling effects between acts.

With "La Primavera" off his chest, Arthur Cyril will probably find time to come to Carmel for a visit, and see what we are doing with "If I Were King."

* * * * *

Halldis Stabell is back in Carmel after a winter of lecturing and teaching. She will be with the Arts and Crafts Summer School. I asked her just what she did, never having quite caught the drift of her reason for the pretty little studio with its quaint sign down on Mission street, and she answered me something like this:

"The body is a product of every day movements. As we move in the daily life, so the body will be developed. Or as the subconscious mind is in connection with the body, so we instinctively will build the body.

"If instinct or subconscious mind were in connection with the constructive laws of the body; of the anatomical, static-mechanical and physiological; then we would build strong, wholesome, beautiful bodies. But do we, for instance, stand correctly, carry the pelvis right, or walk with the muscles that are made for walking? Thousands of people, perhaps more women than men, suffer today because they are not in harmony with these fundamental laws. We are ignorant of them. We have lost what the ancient Greeks had, the right instinct, and we have to reestablish this instinct, then by rebuilding it be able to express our personality in a higher way."

Anyhow her voice is pleasant, and she has personality, even if she said this at me; and she certainly knows how to carry her body anatomically or static-mechanically. I blame her Norse viking ancestry, but she has written a book, "The Renaisance of the Body," to tell just how it can be done by any other nationality.

* * * * *

Among Carmel's interesting summer visitors is Miss Eugenie Rabbas, consulting Character Analyst and Psychologist of New York and San Francisco. Miss Rabbas, personal pupil of Miss Kathrine Blackford, has been associated for many years with the most eminent teachers and students of the corroborative sciences which deal with the purely personal analysis.

Reading the character from the physical indications, such as color, passed the test and is now being used for practical purposes.

Though for many years a resident of New York, Eugenie Rabbas has become an ardent Californian, living in San Francisco for the past few years where she has created a name for herself that is synonymous with the joy of service, for her creed of growth and character building is accomplished in that way.

On Being Painted By Roberta Balfour

By Henry David Gray

I know that I am exposing myself to a charge of foolish vanity by rushing into print with the news that I have "had my picture painted," and if you knew how far away that is from what I really want to say you would not be tempted to sneer. For I have too much vanity, I confess, to be willing to expose myself to such an obvious charge. A greater reluctance still almost prevents me from praising the work of a Carmel artist in a Carmel paper; for I have been here off and on for twenty years and I know what I am going to say will not "go over big" with many members of the colony. And yet I must say it. If I were an art critic I could be impersonal about it and command at least a respectful hearing; as it is, I can only supply a certain amount of information about an artistic method which I believe to be unique and of genuine importance.

Mrs. Roberta Balfour Thudichum has been painting for only about five years. For her early work I do not care in the least. It was without technique, and it did not at all express what she intended. For her theories, as I knew them from a slight personal acquaintance with her, I had little sympathy or patience. But within the last year a few of her pictures, and particularly the portraits, developed a vitality that indicated a clear strain of genius. Figures in a dim light stood out from the canvas in a most amazing way. I found myself turning back, time after time, to look again at these paintings, for they refused to reveal all that they had to tell. It seemed that this artist had some secret which the average painter did not know.

That secret I discovered when in two evenings of this week Mrs. Thudichum set what she considered the appropriate records at work on her victrola, and with palette knife and fingers attacked her canvas. She encouraged me not to hold any set pose, but to look about, to talk and laugh, to be in as many moods as I would. By this means she escaped at once from anything like a photographic reproduction, and began, as an artist, to become really acquainted with me. She would come close to me, look intently into my face, and then run back to her easel bulging with her news. After retreating for perspective, she would steal back to her picture as stealthily as a cat and add some delicate stroke or subtle modification. Of course every artist does that; and every real artist also endeavors to paint character rather than features; and many a painter has felt a creative energy or inspiration which he interprets—to use Mrs. Thudichum's phrase for it—as coming from the supraconscious. There is nothing unusual about what I have yet recorded.

But the startling thing, the thing that separates the work of Roberta Balfour from that of her merely excellent contemporaries, is that she paints the past behind the present, or rather, she paints her subject's remote ancestry before she "brings him down"—as she puts it—to the present age. As soon as she had the general contour and the prevailing shades of her background, she began to see me and sketch me as a primitive man, as that essential savage which I still am at the very basis of my being, because without him I would never have been at all. Just as an understanding of anatomy is essential to a sculptor or to an artist who is painting the nude, so an instinctive comprehension of anthropology seems to form the basis of Roberta Balfour's art. Or as the embryo lives through its whole ancestry, so does a Balfour portrait grow from its barbaric beginnings to the completed picture. Out of sheer savagery I came in my progress to be—so my imaginative historian informed me—a sheik of the desert, (I never aspired to be the modern variety!) And great was the glee of the excited artist as she peered through the mask of my unimpressive, contemporary face to discover the wild life that my ancestors had lived! Through ancient Oriental civilizations that "me" on the canvas rushed down through the ages till the mild professor of today began to assert himself.

This is, of course, the time for you to laugh, especially if you are blessed with an academic mind. I have encountered more asinine facetiousness in my profession than exists outside of it. Enjoy your little joke by all means.

The result was, however, that Roberta Balfour told more truth about me than all of my students at Stanford and all of my colleagues put together have ever known. And they will not see it, though they look at the portrait itself. They will see an old man trying to look benign and not making much of a success at it; or they will see—if their eyes are sharper—a man who claims he has escaped from the troubled and highly symbolic background and who has wrapped himself in a majestic robe (imagined, by the way, out of a cape of her own that the artist threw about my shoulders), assuming a pose of tranquility which he does not feel; or they may even realize that the face looks out at them through a thousand years of history; but they will never know what the man there is thinking, any more than they will know what lies behind the smile of Mona Lisa.

It may be that Roberta Balfour will never come to be numbered among the really great. She has had little training; she works in a miserably lighted living room, and is distracted with all sorts of other duties that consume her time and energy. Worse still, she is full of theories that are not true nor even sensible. As an artist, she is only now finding herself, and anything, fortunate or unfortunate, may happen. She has this in her favor: that she is as free from all the modernistic tendencies as she is from the traditional and conventional. Therefore neither the moderns nor the conservatives understand her work. I do not know how she obtains her peculiar results: how she gets perspective without shading, how she puts "vibrations" (as she calls them) into her subjects till they change with every mood of the spectator. But this I do know: that I have seen no portraits since Rembrandt that have gotten more deeply into the very LIFE of the men and women portrayed. Not the mere appearance—anybody can do that; not the essential traits of character, the aspiration, the sorrow, or what not—all genuine artists have recorded these; but the life history, the life itself, of the sitter. As the characters in O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" lay aside their masks—the faces by which their friends know them—and become themselves, so do we when we appear on the canvases of Roberta Balfour.

HEADS ARTS AND CRAFTS SUMMER SCHOOL OF ART

Through the efforts of Mrs. Sarah Deming and Miss Celia B. Seymour funds have been raised to put the Arts and Crafts Hall in shape for the summer classes and exhibitions. Miss Seymour is the director of the summer school for this year, and will have charge of both the portrait and the landscape work. Landscape painting was formerly to have been taught by Cornelis Botke. Miss Seymour's classes will meet at her studio and garden on Junipero and 12th.

Carmel has already seen some of the delightful portraits that have been done by Miss Seymour. Several new ones may be seen at her studio by those who are interested. She was a pupil of William Chase and has instructed at the Pratt Institute at Brooklyn and the California School of Fine Arts through the summer sessions. One of her paintings, "The Jolly Spaniard," that is being exhibited at the Hotel San Carlos in Monterey has attracted much attention. She has just completed a portrait of Mrs. A. A. Moore for her mother, Mrs. Walter Starr of Piedmont.

OAKLAND TRIBUNE FEATURES CARMEL

Sunday's issue of the Oakland Tribune had Carmel all over its art page. We see from it that M. De Neale Morgan and Jessie Arms Botke are among the twelve who are exempt from the triple jury system under which pictures are chosen for the annual art exhibit, sponsored by the national convention of Professional and Business Women. These artists are among the twelve to receive invitations. Miss Morgan is planning a new picture for the exhibit, where she won first place in the popularity contest last year.

The top of the art page was decorated with a photograph of a mural by Maynard Dixon who is not an infrequent visitor of Carmel. It is called "California, the Land of Sunshine," painted for the Oakland Technical High School. It is fifty-eight by twenty feet in size.

CANNON HAS ONE-MAN SHOW IN STANFORD

J. Vennerstrom Cannon of Carmel and Berkeley has an exhibit of thirty-four landscapes and marines in the Thomas Welton Stanford art gallery at the University. This is Mrs. Cannon's third one-man showing in this gallery. During the past winter, she has exhibited in Billings, Mont., Phoenix and Tucson, Arizona. Her work includes Arizona and California subjects.

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OCEAN AVE. CARMEL

Peter V. Ross, C. S. B., Lectures On Christian Science

Mr. Peter V. Ross, C. S. B., of San Francisco, a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, delivered a lecture on Christian Science: Its Purpose and Method," under the auspices of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel, in the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Tuesday evening, June 21, at eight o'clock.

The lecture was introduced by Miss Gladys Harvey, First Reader of the church who spoke as follows:

"Some nineteen hundred years ago, one walking along a Galilean road passed ten lepers who stood back at some distance from the road because their disease made them objects of dread to everyone. As he passed them they cried out to him, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!'

"It is written that Jesus when he turned and saw them, said quietly, 'Go show yourselves to the priests,' quite as though they were already cleansed of their leprosy. The lepers obeyed him and as they went on their way they were healed.

"Among the company with Jesus were a number of Pharisees, men versed in Rabbinical law, the intellectuals of their day and nation. Apparently they did not grasp the significance of this remarkable healing, for, in spite of the clear evidence of present salvation, they asked Jesus when he expected God's kingdom to come.

"He replied in the memorable words: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the Kngdom of God is within you.'

"Years ago, when I read this story and other words and acts of Jesus, I was puzzled like the Pharisees. When I learned something of Christian Science I found that it unlocked for me the secret of Jesus, and opened to me the kingdom of God, which is not to be found externally, either in time or space, but is within one's own thinking. And then to my astonishment the healing of physical and temperamental difficulties followed. I was overjoyed to find that the work Jesus did among the sick and sinning is being done again in our own time, and that the science or Principle of his work has been clearly explained in 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' by Mary Baker Eddy.

"To reach a world which is either crying out like the lepers, 'Master, save us,' or saying with the Pharisees, 'When and how are we to expect the kingdom of God?', Mrs. Eddy established theBoard of Lectureship of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. It is the pleasure of the First Church of Christ Scientist of Carmel, to invite its friends to listen to a mamber of this board talk on Christian Science, and I am happy to present to you Mr. Peter V. Ross, C.S.B. of San Francisco, who is already well known to Monterey Peninsula people. Mr. Ross will speak to us on 'Christian Science: Its Purpose and Method.'"

Mr. Ross said, in part:

We live in a mental realm. All things are mental, man himself being an aggregation of thoughts, a state of consciousness, instead of an aggregation of cells or a physical body as physiology declares. And it is toward consciousness rather than corporeality that Christian Science treatment is directed. Science, by declaring perfection in all things and in all places, operates to eliminate from human consciousness its beliefs that matter is actual, that disease is present, that evil is attractive. It sweeps from consciousness the heavy, sickly sense of man, and brings out the true sense of man as healthy and holy, as spiritual and perfect.

For there are not two men, one material, the other spiritual, one bad, the other good, one sick, the other well. There is only one man, the perfect, immortal man of divine Mind's creating. The supposedly physical, imperfect man is only the human mind's mistaken sense of what man is. This false sense of man must be displaced by the true sense if health and continuous life are to be realized. And this is exactly what Christian Science is doing. It is bringing out in the experience of the individual a sense of his true selfhood—a self which knows and manifests good and health and intelligence, and it is putting aside the erroneous sense of man as sick and sensual and mortal.

Christian Science accomplishes this by presenting the facts to the individual and arousing him to the true situation. It declares to him that the presence of God who is Love and Life leaves no place or possibility for disease and suffering; that man as the reflection of God is as perfect in a degree as God is; that man is an expression of perfect Life and Mind and therefore that he is well and knows that he is well.

Some sixty years ago a deeply religious and spiritually minded American woman, apparently approaching the end of mortal existence as a result of an accident, turned to her Bible for consolation. While she was reading one of the Gospel accounts of healing performed by Jesus, a sense of strength and freedom stole over her. She arose, dressed, and presented herself to anxious friends, sound and well.

But she was not content with this. She must understand the process of spiritual healing. To this end she searched the scriptures and devoted her life. She found that Jesus, in overcoming disease, setting aside material laws, and abolishing death itself, invoked absolute Science which He understood and which others can understand and apply as He did.

In order that the world at large might profit by her discovery, she set forth the fundamentals of this Science, in her great book, "Science and Health wwith Key to the Scriptures." Afterward she established the Christian Science Church with its periodicals and other means for disseminating and guarding the truth. Thus it was, in brief, that Mary Baker Eddy became the discoverer and founder of Christian Science.

SAN FRANCISCO CRITIC ON MONTEREY ARTISTS

Monterey artists were given the front page this month n The Argus, a journal of art criticism published in San Francisco.

Monterey's claim to a lengthy article arose from an exhibit at the Beaux Arts Galerie. The artists contributing to the show were: C. S. Price, R. V. Howard, August Gray, Margaret Bruton, Lucy V. Pierce, Julian Greenwell, Ipa Perham, Flora Mac D. Johnson, Esther Bruton and W. H. Gaw.

The writer of the article said of the Montereyans, "It may be that none of the paintings exhibited are entirely satisfying, that something is lacking in each of them, but these works are not masters' works; they are efforts of masters in the making. It is exactly what gives them such an interest—the fact that they are not perfect, that they do not give the impression of the finished."

INDIAN RELICS IN BERKELEY EXHIBIT

Gathering together a group of people who are interested in Indian lore and who are devoting their energies to the welfare of the American Indian, Mrs. Jessie Short Jackson opened her attractive studio in Berkeley last Sunday evening in honor of Matthew Murphy, one of the country's foremost authorities on the Indian.

Mr. Murphy, who is just completing a book dealing with the art, life, lore and music of the Indians, lived among the Hopi and Navajo tribes for 20 years. He has served the government as agent and educator in behalf of the redmen and is considered an authority on the needs of the Indian of today. Mr. Murphy is the father of Mrs. J. E. Montaogue of Berkeley and is an occasional visitor to the bay region.

WILL HUNT SONGS OF DESERT INDIANS

Matthew Murphy of the Arizona Indian country, is leaving this week for a summer in the Navajo region, where he expects to collect some of the old ceremonial songs of the tribe. He is accompanied by his wife and son R. M. Murphy, who is visiting him now from the desert. Some rare paintings, made by a Navajo priest, were brought to Mr. Murphy by his son this spring. They are being sought for museum pieces, but he expects to keep them in Carmel where he will have them to show to his friends this summer.

WE BELIEVE

Due to its hospitable and kindly climate—its prevalence of warm life-giving sunshine every day—its proximity to delightful Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula—its quiet and peacefulness of countryside life—its broad acres for every homesite—its rolling benches and great oaks—its careful planning, building restrictions and limitations of the usages of the property — its location in the heart of the beautiful and intimate Carmel Valley—We believe that Los Ranchitos Del Carmelo is the finest place to live in California.

Los Ranchitos is practically sold out. But there are several very beautiful homesites of several acres each remaining. There will not be any Tract No. 2 or any further additions to Los Ranchitos. Except for the few homesites just mentioned, all of Parcels No. 1 and No. 2 of former Del Monte Rancho, purchased last Fall by R. C. DeYoe and Allen Griffin, and comprising 1600 acres, have been sold, one of the most remarkable records in the history of Monterey Peninsula real estate. Four beautiful homes have already been built. A modern water supply; good roads, and electricity serve every property.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

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Spotlight and Back-stage

DANCERS TONIGHT AT GOLDEN BOUGH

The lone fact that there never before has been a concert of the dance at the Theatre of the Golden Bough should bring all Carmel there tonight, when Dorothy Damianakes and ensemble present their program. But added with this is the fact that the four girls who dance are second to none in their line in California. The dances have all been created by Miss Damianakes, who is well known around the bay region as a person of very much ability. In the program she is assisted by Dorothy Payne, who was a solo dancer in Morris Gest and Tokine's production of "Aphrodite" in New York; by Miss Vivia Dozier and Lorraine Drury who were with her in the program presented at the Berkeley Play House last May, and by Edgar Thorpe who will play a piano accompaniment for some of the dances. Thorpe is a well known composer of California songs. He will play some of his compositions during the evening.

The program is:

Part I.

Vintage ..... Beethoven
Dorothy Damianakes
Viennese Dances ..... Schubert
Dorothy Damianakes
Waltz in A Flat ..... Tschaikowsky
Vivia Dozier and
Dorothy Damianakes
Greek Dances,
Dorothy Damianakes
and ensemble
During this group, a piano solo will be played by Edgar A. Thorpe, "Valse" by Levitski.

Part II.

Serenade ..... Drigo
Dorothy Damianakes
Serenade ..... Volkmann
Dorothy Damianakes
Valse ..... Drigo
Dorothy Payne
Valse Triste ..... Sibelius
Dorothy Damianakes
Schon Rosmarin ..... Kreisler
Vivia Dozier and
Dorothy Damianakes

Part III.

Liebestraum (Love's Dream) ..... Liszt
Dorothy Damianakes
Mazurka, Opus 33, No. 2 ..... Chopin
Dorothy Damianakes
and Ensemble
The Lark ..... Balakirew
Edgar A. Thorpe
Melodie ..... Gluck
Dorothy Damianakes
Moment Musicale ..... Schubert
Vivia Dozier
Invitation to the Dance ..... Weber
Dorothy Payne and
Dorothy Damianakes

Part IV.

Dance Macabre (Dance of Death) ..... Saint Saens
Dorothy Damianakes
Lorraine Drury
Vivia Dozier
Fantasy Impromptu ..... Chopin
Edgar A. Thorpe
Airs de Ballet (from Alceste) ..... Gluck
Dorothy Damianakes
Dorothy Payne
Vivia Dozier
Turkish March (Ruins of Athens) ..... Beethoven
Dorothy Damianakes

One could not imagine a more difficult program than she chose for herself. It was given in French, German and English. To an audience of Americans, which mostly speaks no other language, intonation and gestures must interpret the monologue, and we feel that they failed.

Perhaps her best number was in French, "Le Roi a Fait Battre Tambour," in which the kings drums carried out the emotional note.

Elsa Heymann used more variety in costuming than Ruth Draper. She took full advantage of the lighting which the Theatre of the Golden Bough offers, getting some pleasing effects.

HUMOR, PATHOS AND ACTION IN GOLDEN BOUGH FILM

Johnny Harron and Sally Phipps have the leading romantic roles in "Love Makes 'em Wild," the film version of "Willie the Worm" that is coming to the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Saturday and Sunday nights. J. Farrell McDonald and Arthur Housman are in the fine cast selected to enact the drama.

The picture sets forth in vivid fashion the struggles of an office worm, who is the butt of jokes from the boss down to the elevator boy. But love comes into his life and—he's a changed man! He sets about to "clean up" those who have taunted him. And this is where some of the breeziest action ever recorded by a camera takes place.

Johnny Harron plays the part of the worm who turns. Sally Phipps plays the girl. She has a personality which is distinctly individual, to say the least, and flits across the silver sheet with a grace which would become an actress of many more years' experience.

The cast includes Ben Bard, Natalie Kingston, Albert Gran, Florence Gilbert, Earle Mohan, Cay Watson, Jr., Noah Young and William B. Davidson.

A barefoot boy in San Francisco was barred from school. It is only in this modern age that education has come to apply to man's nether extremities.

ELSA HELMANN FAILS TO SATISFY

To Carmel whose standard is set by Ruth Draper, the Elsa Heymann lyric and dramatic tableaux were unsatisfying. Notwithstanding, Miss Heymann gave a pretty performance which merited a larger audience than turned out.

Man is fighting the insects for nine writer. Mr. Ford is making a domination, according to a maga- larger car now, however.

MANZANITA Theatre
7:00 & 8:45
Admission—10c - 30c

Saturday
Don Desperado
Leo Maloney
Comedy Fables

Sunday
Cheerful Fraud
Reginald Denny
COMEDY

Monday-Tuesday
The GORILLA HUNT

News
Mack Sennet Comedy

Wednesday
Bigger Than Barnums
Viola Dana
Ralph Lewis
Comedy Cartoon

Thursday-Friday
Rough House Rosie
Clara Bow
The "IT" Girl
News
Our Gang Comedy

The Theatre of
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TONIGHT
DOROTHY DAMIANAKES
and Ensemble
Assisted by EDGAR A. THORPE, Pianist
in a
DANCE CONCERT
Admission $1, plus tax Program at 8:30

The Theatre of
The Golden Bough
Annual Summer Play
On July 1, 2 and 3 (evening performances) and July 4 (matinee)
THE GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYERS
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The Final Play of the Season
Walter Hackett's Famous Comedy
Captain Applejack
An Arabian Night's Adventure in 3 Acts
Admission $1 to $2, plus tax
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FOREST THEATRE
CARMEL
Presents the Famous Romantic Play
"If I Were King"
The Original Dramatic Version of
RUDOLPH FRIML'S "The Vagabond King" and JOHN BARRYMORE'S "The Beloved Rogue"

CAST OF 75
FULL ORCHESTRA
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George Ball as Francois Villon
Gladys Vander Roest as Katherine de Vaucelles
Herbert Heron as King Louis XI
Constance Heron as Huguette du Hamel

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AT 8:15 P.M.
RESERVED SEATS ONLY—$1 AND $1.50. CHILDREN HALF PRICE
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Bay Rapid Transit Company will run busses each night, leaving Union Stage Depot, Monterey, at 7:30 P.M. and returning after the show

Rehearsals at Forest Theatre In the Mystery of the Night

By Susan Porter

As always in the early stages of a Forest Theatre production, the changing cast of "If I Were King" might have justified daily bulletins, just like the health of the King of Rumania.

Now it is stabilized, and night-rehearsals under George Ball as producing-director and Bert Heron as stage manager are swinging along very interestingly up there under the pine trees with the prompter's long fore-finger running along the lines.

The on-looker sits on a bench in the auditorium, a newly reinforced bench, in an auditorium now compact and friendly with its condensed seating space. The fresh paint of the seat number has rubbed off on his coat, but he won't know that until he goes home. The town might be a hundred miles away from this intent group on the big, strangely neat-looking stage. The forest seems wide and still; moths wheel from out of the shadows, and a huge brown bird sweeps suddenly down to stage level and off again. The hard overhead lights do strange things to the faces of one's friends there, giving them in repose a carven Egyptian quality, mysterious and remote—until at ten-thirty Sara Deming or Louise Walcott brings out the steaming coffee pot and the hundred white cups, and our friends are humanized again.

The on-looker watches them with interest. George Ball, carrying the first romantic role we have seen him in; Bert Heron huddled in a big coat, rasping out the bitter speeches of Louis XI; Gladys Vander Roest, very beautiful, grave and cold—for this is only the second act, and she does not melt until the third act; Eugene Watson, quietly competent as Tristan, the King's confidant; Keneth Lyman flinging himself into the part of Olivier; Chester Adams as the burly and brutal Thibaut; Stanton Babcock from the Presidio as the dandy captain, Noel le Jolys. There is a gang of cut-throats and jail birds brought in for judgment at the hands of their old comrade, Francois Villon, unrecognized in his new role as Grand Constable of France. Robert Hestwood is there, with a wonderful line to say: "Your excellence is of a most excellent excellence!" Leslie La Cour and Morris Wilde and Fred Boucher in a nice character bit, and Bob Stanton and Francis Lloyd, who are directed, "When you two villains come up from that deep bow, turn your faces up to the audience and look just as pure as you can."

The little group of girls is there too, the tavern wenches and lights-o'-love. Jebanneton, Blanche, Isabeau, Guillemette, of whom the real Villon wrote some of the saddest words in the French language, in his ballade, "The Lament of the Fair Helmnmaker" for her departed beauty. Betty Perkins, Ivy Whitworth, Wanda Holley, Henrietta Farley and Viona Routan play the girls, and the on-looker heard George say to them in rehearsal the other night, "Throw away your cigarettes and stay in character; these girls were bad in every other way, but they didn't use tobacco."

Connie Heron is playing Huguette, the wicked, loving woman who swaggered about old Paris in male attire and carried proudly her mocking title of The Abbess. Helena Heron, who is always good in character parts is Villon's mother, the "poor old woman, bent and sad" for whom he wrote one of his most famous ballades. And the Queen—well, several girls are fighting over that part. We will tell next week.

Back of all this shifting group stand the walls and gables of old Paris, growing up day by day, with lumber and canvas, nails and brush. And this design, this set, this whole scheme of construction, strong, light, simple, practical, Dick Johnson tells me is the work of one man. Homer Emons, scenic artist for Julie Arthur's "Romeo and Juliet," for David Warfield's "Music Master," for a host of other New York productions. With extraordinary generosity he is giving his time and his talent to the production of "If I Were King." "Rhoda and I are the construction gang under his direction, and proud to be," Dick says. The Forest Theater and the town thank Mr. Emons for being and doing what he is.

GORILLAS HUNTED AT MANZANITA THEATRE

Cannibals, pygmies with poison arrows, and veritable missing links, will be at the Manzanita Theater, when "The Gorilla Hunt" will be shown on next Monday and Tuesday.

To make the picture, Ben Burbridge, the greatest American hunter since Roosevelt, spent two years in the most pestilent corner of the globe. Two years in a country infested by the dreaded "Black Mamba," the most virulent of snakes, whose slightest bite is death, and a certain and cruel one. Two years where monstrous pythons, fifty feet in length, and tiny three foot Batway pygmies with deadly poisoned arrows, make the forest aisles avenues of horror. A land where both men and beasts are maneaters, and where monstrous apes, the "missing links of science," have their horrific region. Truly a land of horror and pestilence.

But in "the Gorilla Hunt," Burbridge has his reward, he has brought back to civilization a really human document of life in a country where life is so cheap that it may actually be bought for a pinch of salt.

An amusement park fortune teller informed her that fame and fortune were to be found as a dancer—so she staged a "boxing ballet," called the act "Rough House Rosie and her Six Roughnecks"—and was a success from the start! That's one of the sidelights discovered in Clara Bow's new Paramount starring vehicle "Rough House Rosie" which will be shown at the Manzanita on Thursday and Friday.

HAS FINE CAST FOR CAPTAIN APPLEJACK

The complete cast of the principals in "Captain Applejack," the Golden Bough's annual play is as follows:

Mrs. Whatcome ..... Aennchen von Gaal
Poppy Faire ..... Gabrielle Newby
Ivan Borolsky ..... Alden Almstead
Ambrose ..... Edward Kuster
Anna Valeska ..... Tommi Thomson
Horace Pengard ..... Guy Koepp
Mrs. Pengard ..... Lois Foster
Johnny Jason ..... O. J. Cope
Palmer ..... Beatrice Lathrop
Dennett ..... Thomas Bickle

The performances will take place on the evenings of July 1, 2, and 3, with a matinee on July 4. There will be no evening performance on the latter date, out of courtesy to the Forest Theatre, which will produce "If I Were King," on the nights of July 2, 3 and 4.

"Captain Applejack" is a blend of realism, mystery and fantasy, with the comedy note always prevailing. The settings of the play, ranging from the dignified library of an English country house to the fantastic interior of the dream ship's cabin, are in charge of Peter Friedrichsen assisted by Lois Foster. The production is being directed by Edward Kuster. It will be his last production before his departure for a two year's course of study in the European theatres.

LOCAL ARTIST EXHIBITS PAINTING AT NEW ORLEANS

A painting by William Silva that is being exhibited at the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art at New Orleans has been attracting much favorable comment among the art lovers there. It is "Sun Dispels the Fog, Runneymede, S. C." This painting won the popular prize offered by the Sketch Club of the Carolina Art Association at the exhibition of the Southern States Art League at Charleston, South Carolina, last April.

DIVINE WORSHIP

"The Journey of Life" will be the theme of the service Sunday morning at Carmel Community Church. The minister will preach. Sunday School at 10 a.m., Epworth League at 730 p.m. Colored Stereopticon pictures of "The Berbers of North Africa" will be shown at 8 p.m. under auspices of the Missionary Society. Join our Christian Fellowship and make this your church home.

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SATURDAY-SUNDAY
"Love Makes 'Em Wild"
From the story "Willie the Worm"—with
Johnny Harron
Sally Phipps
How love makes the office mouse a roaring lion

There will be motion pictures every night starting Tuesday, July 5th

TUESDAY—JULY 5th
"Eve's Leaves"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY
July 6-7
"Bachelor Brides"

FRIDAY-SATURDAY
July 8-9
"Up In Mabel's Room"
a re-issue
Adm.—10c, 30c, 50c

The Telephone Directory

Good telephone service depends largely upon care in calling telephone numbers. A wrong number called causes loss of time and inconvenience to you, to the operator and to the party called.

Telephone directories are issued frequently, revised to include the latest changes and additions to the list of telephone subscribers.

You will get better service if you—

Consult the current issue of the directory for telephone numbers instead of trusting to memory.

Call Information if the party you want is not listed.

Give the number clearly and accurately.

These suggestions are intended to aid every telephone user. We earnestly solicit your co-operation.

The Pacific Telephone And Telegraph Company

Them Was the Days

True, Nearly True, & Otherwise Tales of Carmel

XIV.

But of course there were other activities in Carmel besides the Forest Theatre. Though that organization held first place, and its rehearsals were the picnickings of many, and the chief social amusements of the village, there were interests and excitements apart from its affairs. Now and then a new house would be built, and we all would go around and have a look at it; or, if it were near by, would watch its daily progress with absorbing attention.

And the children of that day were an aggressive bunch. Around us, down at our end of town, were the youthful offspring of the Hardys, Bokes, Cookes, Princes, Phil Wilsons, and Hoopers, with insatiable appetites for picnics. An adventuresome lot, whose parents seemed to foster this spirit in them.

One day Rosemary Hardy disappeared for longer than seemed reasonable to the mother of this four-year-old. Young Lowell, when questioned, admitted that his sister had used a ladder to climb upon the back of the family horse, and had gone to be a cowboy. He had expected her return for an hour or two, then had hunted for her without success. He hadn't told his mother, for that would be "tattling."

Some hours later, we found Rosemary asleep on the P. I. grounds, with the nag feeding not far off. She was admonished, and I do not remember her running away on horseback again, though a year or so later, she borrowed her father's car, and went driving far away. This time, her brother, then eight years old, went with her.

Arthur Vachell was the uncle of all of these kids. Except for them, A. V. might have been a prolific painter. His studio home was more theirs than their own. They would tell him that they were coming to supper, and he would walk downtown and get a freezer of cream at Mrs. Coleman's candy store. Then they began spending the night at his place, sleeping on the roof, or camping out in the flower beds.

One morning a couple of women called to look at A. V.'s canvases, perhaps to buy. He took them back to his studio, ushering them into a room where half a dozen small nightgowns hung from easel, tables and chairbacks. The children had used the studio for a dressingroom, and hadn't cleaned up. I don't know how A. V. explained it.

I suggested one time to the Prince kids that a camping trip would be a lark. They agreed immediately that it would. This was in early spring, so I had no hesitancy in expatiating on a trip to be taken in the fall, after the summer shows were all over. We would take Doc Peete's two donkeys, and pack them with blankets, and grub for a week, then hike down to the Big Sur, or perhaps beyond, depending on how the game looked. Dave would take his air rifle, and I'd carry the Winchester for deer, and a shotgun for small stuff.

"I'll borrow Aunty Loddy's pistol to shoot bears with," cried Kicky, black eyes shining.

"Girl's can't have guns," Dave declared. "Girls have to wash the camp dishes, and let men hunt food. Beside's Aunt Loddy's revolver's busted and won't shoot."

"We'll take a fishpole for each of us," I stopped the controversy, "and wherever we find a good stream, we'll camp a day or two or three and catch trout. And we'll keep going down the coast just as far as we feel like traveling."

I'd told these two small children this tale with no idea of its being more than an interest of the moment, without any realization that I'd ever be called upon to make it good. They were living with their aunt, Mrs. Bill Maxwell, who certainly would never allow these infants to take any such excursion, even had I intended it. Anyhow, they would have forgotten it before morning.

Little knew I of children. Next day Kicky and Dave brought me the assurance that Aunt Loddy would let them go camping. Unexpectedly Kicky was more enthusiastic for the trip than brother Dave. She had brought paper and a pencil stub to make a list of what would have to be taken, and printed the things I alloted as her share of the supplies.

"How much will these cost?" she asked, when I had finished.

"Why, I don't know exactly—."

"As much as a dollar?" she persisted.

"Yes, as much as a dollar, I'd guess."

"How much you got saved, Dave?"

"I have to buy bullets for my air-rifle," explained the boy. "When I get the bullets bought, I won't have anything saved."

"Then you've got to begin saving. Aunt Loddy says we have to buy things ourselves, and a whole dollar's a nawful lot to save. Maybe we could get some of these food things out of the cooling closet?"

"Of course you can," I said, to relieve the gloom on Kicky's face. Aunt Loddy had evidently sought her "out" by annexing to her permission this demand that the kids save the money for the trip's outlay. She reasoned that it would be too much effort, and they would forget the whole thing shortly. But again, she didn't know Kicky. Dave had been shaken by the enormous ordeal of forgoing immediate all-day suckers for a future excursion, but not his sister. If necessary, she would save for two.

Every time I saw her, she reported financial progress. The fund grew steadily, if not rapidly, and was soon up to fifty-two cents. Then I became immersed in the summer theatricals, and forgot all about camping, the young Princes, and the fifty-two cent bank account.

"The Toad" played at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley the latter part of July, and I didn't get back to Carmel until some time in August. The first day I was home, I met Kicky Prince on Ocean avenue, and was informed that it was almost fall and she and Dave had saved a dollar between them, but Dave had spent ten cents for bullets for the trip, and shot them all away practising at birds and things, and maybe they could get along on ninety cents if they didn't eat so much. And I had so completely forgotten that I didn't know what she was talking about.

But the next afternoon she was down at our house with her list and the stub of a pencil, ready to check up and eliminate a cent here and a cent there to get the cost of supplies within their combined savings; and I realized that here was a sincerity of purpose, and a patience that shamed my imaginative fancies, and necessitated some hard thinking and prompt doing. When Kicky had gone, I went into conference with my wife and Aunt Loddy, and explained the situation fully. The journey I had outlined to the kids was, of course, out of the question. It would be hard going for adults.

For

CLEANING and PRESSING

Phone 242

Send it to a Master — DYER AND CLEANER — National Association Dyers and Cleaners

Carmel Cleaning Works

Dolores near Ocean Avenue

White Sewing Machine Agency

All makes sold, bought, rented and repaired.
Special attention given to Hemstitching, cloth covered buttons, decoration of street and evening gowns in rhinestones and spots.

The Hemstitching Shop

437½ Alvarado St., Monterey
Phone 717-M

HOME FURNISHINGS

We carry the largest and finest stocks of Home things in Monterey County. Our prices are very reasonable and our credit terms are liberal.

Our workmen are skilled and painstaking and our Linoleum and Shade work is unsurpassed.

For these reasons our clients are always our friends.

CLIMAX FURNITURE CO.

Opposite Hotel San Carlos—Monterey—Phone 80

HOMES and BUILDINGS

I have constructed in Carmel form a record of which I am proud. They constitute performance that speaks much louder than promise. I will gladly confer with you on designs, plans and specifications.

PERCY PARKES

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

Telephone 71

Parkes Building Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

Architectural Designing and Building

Tentative sketches and suggestions gladly made at the request of prospective builders without obligation

HUGH W. COMSTOCK

PHONE 526 SIXTH & TORRES

WILLIAM T. MACHADO

Can furnish the rock you need for Garden Wall or Patio. He can select the best grade for your use. He will deliver it where you want it. Also furnishes, besides chalk and granite, sand, gravel, building material of all kinds, and does general hauling.

P. O. Box 424, Carmel Phone 227

Meals Are Always Ready on Time

—And no hurry or trouble—this lady uses an Automatic Electric Range.

She doesn't stand over a hot stove any more. Her dinner is cooked in a modern, heat controlled oven—that's how she happens to be sitting on the porch until time to set the table.

See These Automatic Electric Ranges At Our Office

COAST VALLEYS GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

But there must be a satisfying compromise. What should it be?

Those two women laughed at me. I had let myself in for it, and must get myself out. If I would tell fairy tales to children, I must find a way to make them come true. Only when I bethought myself that the kiddys' Aunt Loddy had let herself deep into the same swamp where I wallowed, did I get my feet on solid ground. I said,

"Well, if you won't help me by going along and looking after the children, I'll take 'em on. I don't know a thing about kids, but the chances are nearly even I'll bring them back safe and sound."

"You're crazy," declared Mrs. Maxwell. "Walk those babies a hundred miles or more into the mountains? Never!"

"But you promised them——."

"When they'd saved up the money to pay their way. They have now ninety cents."

"Which is plenty," I insisted brazenly. "Doc Peete will loan me the donkeys, and we'll practically live off the country, fish and hunt for our food, and——."

"You talk foolish talk. If Paul and Gertrude heard you, they would take the children home at once. They're not to go."

"A promise," I said severely, "is a promise. For one, I do not make promises that I do not expect to keep. Those two young ones leave Monday with Doc Peete's, donkeys and me." And so I passed the buck directly up to resourceful womanhood, and stalked from the conference.

Kicky and David came down next day, the former with her pencil and paper. If there were trouble in the girl's black eyes, it did not prevent them shining like stars. The boy was obviously content, and sucked an all-day sucker lustily. His sister explained,

"He's simply glutted on candy. All his savings gone just like that." She snapped her fingers. "Me, I'm going to buy lots of things with mine, and not things that one eats or sucks down. But we ought to get busy with the list," she wet the end of the pencil, preparatory to printing things. "First you name one, then Dave name one, then I'll name one."

I didn't get her, so said politely, "Ladies always first, Kicky. You name one."

"A. V." shouted Kicky, and I knew. We listed the guests. The picnic was held in San Jose creek canyon. I bought the ice cream, and Aunt Loddy made the cakes and sandwiches. It was almost as good as a camping trip, for it lasted until the kiddies were ready for sleep. And I have refrained from suggesting journeys to children since then.

The first rehearsal of the Forest Theatre production of "If I Were King" was held last Tuesday night at the Arts and Crafts Theatre. The cast is as follows:

Francois Villon ..... George Ball
Louis XI ..... Herbert Heron
Tristan ..... Eugene Watson
Katherine ..... Gladys Vander Roest
Mother Villon ..... Marian Todd
Hugette ..... Constance Cole
Jehaunlton ..... Henrietta Farley
Blanche ..... Ivy Whitworth
Petit Jean ..... Billy Shepard
Robin-Echelles ..... Robert Stanton
Olivier ..... Kenneth Lyman
Thebaut ..... Robert Roe
Guillemette ..... Virginia Tooker
Isabeau ..... Nellie Hatchel
Denise ..... Sally Maxwell
The Queen ..... Hilda Argo
Pages ..... Billy Argo, Billy Heron
Noll Le Jolys ..... Stanton Babcock
Guy Taberie ..... Leslie Lecrom
Casin Cholet ..... Harold Gates
Rene de Montigny ..... Alden Almstead

Deed: Ethel G. Stansbury to Pacific Grove Realty Co., Mar. 3. $10. Lots 8 to 14, Blk 161, 5th Add. Pacific Grove.

Deed: Monterey Inv Co to H. B. Helvern, Mar 22, 0.344 acres Monterey City Lands Tract No. 1 & Rt of Way.

Deed: Everett Wiseley to J. Nieves Gonzales & Lorenza A. Gonzales, Jt tenants. Mar 23. $10. W. 45 ft of lot 9, blk 17, 1st Add Pacific Grove.

Deed: Caroline J. Spillman to Alice Buchanan & Elizabeth H. Dunlop, Jt tenants. Mar 29. $10. Lots 11 & 13, Blk 139, 3rd Add Pac. Grove.

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to the provisions of Resolution No. 368 of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, duly passed on the 23rd day of May, 1927,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That said Board hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the contract for doing all printing and advertising for said city, for the period of one year from and after the passage of the resolution awarding such contract.

All sealed proposals or bids shall be accompanied by a check certified by a responsible bank, payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the sum of one hundred fifty ($150) dollars, and such check shall be forfeited to said city in the event that the successful bidder should fail or refuse to enter into a contract with said city in accordance with the terms of his proposal within ten (10) days from and after the award thereof. All such proposals or bids will be received by the City Clerk of said City not later than the hour of 7:30 p.m. of the 5th day of July, 1927, at which date and hour said Board of Trustees, in open session in the meeting room of said Board at the City Hall of said City, will publicly open, examine and declare the same; reserving the right, however, to reject any or all such bids.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.

Dated June 20, 1927.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

First publication, June 24, 1927.
Last publication, July 1, 1927.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 30 cents.

Single Insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

CHURCH NOTICES

CARMEL CHURCH
An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL
(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service ..... 11 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m. Friday, 7 to 9 p. m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m. Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m. Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall
THE HIGHER THOUGHT
Sunday, June 26
Subject:
"THE SCIENCE OF PRAYER"
Telephone 23-W
Dolores St., bet. Eighth and Ninth

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

Carmel House & Lot Co.
Parkes Building near Post Office
"BEST BUYS"
FOUR ROOM HOUSE-Garage, close to business neighborhood. $3500, terms.
DESIRABLE LOT in business zone, $1000; terms.
THREE LOTS 120x100 on Point. Desirable. $3000.
FOUR ROOM HOUSE on lot 40x100. Unfurnished, but includes new electric stove and linoleum. Only $1800.
BEAUTIFUL BUILDING SITE 80x100. Close Ocean Avenue. Only $1600.
SMALL HOUSE, close in. Only $3000. Terms.
MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR SUMMER RENTALS NOW!
FOR YOUR BUILDING — SEE PERCY PARKS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Agnes B. Shand
Public Stenography
Manuscripts
Arthur T. Shand's Office
Phone 182
Ocean Avenue Carmel

MARION B. McAULAY, M.D.
Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children
OFFICE
First National Bank Building
Monterey
Hours—11-12 a.m., 1-4 p.m.
Phone 1562 Monterey
Res. Forest Hill Hotel — Phone 860

ELECTRIC NEEDLE SPECIALIST
Mrs. A. M. Fonteneau, removes superfluous hair and moles,— the only permanent cure. Years of experience; confidential. Res. Fonteneau cottage, 11th and San Carlos. Phone 626-J.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Charles H. Lowell, M. D. Office, Seventh and Dolores; Res. San Antonio St. and Eleventh Ave., Carmel-by-the-Sea. 11 to 12, 2 to 4 Office phone 28; Res. phone 342.

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office hours: 9 to 11 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Phone 105. Saturdays, Sundays and evenings by appointment only. Office and residence, Dolores apts., Dolores st., beside P. O. Telephone Carmel 105.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER — Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

Florence A. Belknap, M. D.
South Carmelo
near Ocean Ave
Carmel

HOGLE & MAWDSLEY
Realtors and Subdividers
Court of the Golden Bough

ON CARMELO, near Ninth. Bay View lot. A good buy at $2,000.00.
SEASIDE BUNGALOW, 5 rooms, garage, basement, etc. Stucco construction, plastered throughout. Hardwood floors. Completely furnished. Electrically equipped. Immediate possession. Very easy terms. This is a bargain. Don't miss it.
2-STORY CARMEL HOUSE. Centrally located. 4 blocks from beach. 6 rooms and bath, etc. Completely furnished. Garage. Basement. $6500.00. Terms to suit.
$500.00 each, on terms. Two beautiful wooded lots on paved street. Average depth 130 feet. Restricted district.
BUNGALOWS in CARMEL WOODS from $3000.00 to $5800.00. Furnished and unfurnished.
IN HATTON FIELDS. Beautiful Valley View site. 104x100. Only $925.00. Easy terms.
WATERFRONT ACREAGE HOME SITES. Low prices. Easy terms. At Deven Heights. Coast and country views, roads, water, electricity, and beach rights. Rich soil. Residential. Almost sold out.
LAURELES OUTING CLUB CABIN SITES. Beautiful woodland lots. Roads and water. Electric line through tract. Tea Room with home-cooked meals at all times. Bathing. Prices as low as $150.00.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, large house of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises, or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

LOT FOR SALE— Brookdall near Lodge, $500. Write Box JH, Pine Cone.

FOR RENT— "Pinehaven," Eighth and Monte Verde. Attractive home, beautiful garden, seven rooms, two baths, garage, completely furnished, electric range, heating, continuous hot water. Geo. J. Seideneck, Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

LOST AND FOUND

$10.00 REWARD for return of billfold with money and papers to Pine Cone office.

The Lost Shall Be Found
Hearts made happy by a little Classified Ad in This Newspaper!

MISCELLANEOUS

CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL JOBBING. W. A. Beckett, 5th Ave. near San Carlos, Box 931, Carmel.

EMPLOYMENT Agency and Public Stenographers. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, east side, bet. Ocean and 7th. Phone 665-W.

SEWING— Expert alterations and remodeling of gowns, dresses and coats; also curtains and drapes a specialty. At the Myra B. Shop, opposite the post office.

HELP WANTED

HANDY MAN does gardening, trimming and curing trees, build rock or brick walls, patios, carpentering, painting. Wants WORK. Reasonable rates. Box 632.

WANTED—An expert cook to put up 25 jars of fruit. Jars, fruit and all ingredients will be supplied and will pay well for the work. Phone 616, Carmel.

WANTED— Competent bookkeeper and general office assistant with stenographic ability. Apply Box F, Pine Cone, Carmel.

Deed: G. W. Brazelton & wf to Pearl Stetler, Mar 31. $10. N½ of lot 11, blk 2, Monterey Heights, Res. $10. Lots 11-13-15, Blk 43; Lots 29-31-33-35, Blk 32, Withers Add. Monterey.

Deed: W. H. Exley & wf to Pacific Grove Realty Co., Mar 30. $10. Lots 9 & 11, Blk 7, 1st Add Pacific Grove.

194 Tax Sales Filed: City of Pacific Grove.

For Your
HOUSEHOLD PETS
KEN-L-RATION
PUP-E-RATION
KIT-E-RATION
at
NEWELL'S Grocery
Phone 121

Red Yesterdays

"KAMERAD"
On Detached Service with the French,
Crevecoeur-le-Grand, Oise.
June, 1918.

Went to the kitchen, where Chef Charles presided, to get some coffee one busy afternoon in a stolen moment between operations. There, just outside, was a bandaged German in tow of a silent Frenchman.

The Hun was gulping hot coffee and mumbling from a combination of pain and enjoyment of the drink. His visorless cap was cocked down over an eye, because of a head dressing; his right arm was heavily bandaged and pinned to his side, with the torn sleeve flapping over it; the other arm was also bandaged, and its hand was holding the cup—a hand wrapped in bloody first aid dressing; when he moved he limped from leg wounds, and all in all he was one of the least ferocious Huns I've ever seen.

Other prisoners, likewise just brought in from the rumbling front, were grouped near the dressing tent. A pursuit plane from the famous Cigogne field of Rene Fonck's located just beyond the hospital swooped joyously overhead. The Germans became very nervous. One, his arm roughly bandaged and obviously very badly hurt, stared up, rolled his eyes, and sank to the ground.

As we went over to get him we noticed that several in the group had blackened faces and hands. Later we discovered that this was a practice with raiding parties at night, but at the moment we found time to ask them if they'd been captured during a minstrel show. They, poor devils, only stared at us dumbly and stood stock still.

Later in the day, with another spare minute, I went again to see the prisoners. A new batch had recently come in.

Their faces were thin and unshaven; their teeth were in bad condition, as a rule, and in marked contrast to our army. As I looked at their envelopes—"pochettes"—to see what was wrong with them as described on the enclosed cards, they would only glance at my face, not look at me steadily.

Some of our own wounded, too tired to be actively antagonistic toward the subdued enemy, talked with them in German, as did our own Chef Charl', the coffee king, and after a talkative few minutes we understood the Boche pretty well.

They were reticent, but did say that they were very hungry and that their clothes were all worn out. One was wearing a Red Cross arm band. We told him that he, being in the Medical Corps, would be exchanged. When at last he got our meaning, he got quite emphatic in saying that exchange was the last thing he wanted—he was willing to stay where he was.

On the way back to the red room—where sleep brings oblivion, and in the oblivion the magic of surgery—I went through a wide hallway lined with white beds. From one of the beds came feeble motions of a bandaged arm, and from a bandaged face looked a haggered eye. Another German, and a serious case.

By signs he motioned for a drink of water. The wardmaster being on the run somewhere else—for a battle was going on up front, and our hospital was overflowing—I got it for him, learning the German word for water and for thank you in reward. After pitiful attempt at conversation, I understood that he was a Saxon, had been in the war three years, and as he mumbled, his one good eye grew wet with tears.

And as I looked down at him, there came from the next bed a word that drew me around as if the Colonel himself had shouted. A word that I'd heard about ever since this was begun. A German word.

"Kamerad," said the wounded man beyond. He was speaking to me, one hand lifted and pointing to his leg.

The leg was in extension—that is, in splints so fixed that a constant pull on it kept the splintered remnants from rubbing against one another—bone on bone and bone on flesh. The leg was turned painfully to one side. This was soon adjusted, but the face showed little relief. A very bad leg; I doubt if he kept that leg. Lucky if he kept his life, in that battered condition.

And so on back to the operating room with its white paint, white garments, white bodies splotched with red. Back to work. Strange soldiering this, but a part of the whole—and war is made up of many parts.

GOLDEN STATE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY

A new hard riding, hard fighting western ace

Gary Cooper

—in—

"Arizona Bound"

Charlie Chaplin

in his greatest comedy hit

"Shoulder Arms"

SUNDAY

ROMIG-DAVIS Musical Comedy Co.

—also—

Corinne Griffith

—in—

"Syncopating Sue"

Comedy Aesop's Fables

MONDAY
TUESDAY

Constance Talmadge

—in—

"Venus of Venice"

with

Antonio Moreno

—also—

"Kick in the Dark"

Comedy

Topics of the Day

News

Wednesday

Leatrice Joy

—in—

"VANITY"

Her greatest production

Thursday - Friday

LON CHANEY

As a sinister Chinese Mandarin

—in—

"MR. WU"

A film sensation of East meeting West

—also—

"Jail Birdies"

Comedy

Fox News

SURPRISED!

Everyone Was — Hosts and Guests

There was a surprise party at Wermuth's Warehouse Wednesday afternoon last. Four members of the City Board of Trustees, who went to look at some cases stored there for more than three years, had no idea that they would find ladies present. Mrs. Lotta B. Shipley and Miss Kate Conway, checking over property left the city by Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison, were equally as astounded when the Mayor and three Trustees came in upon them.

And this surprise party was hardly a harmonious affair, with hosts and guests doing their best to make it enjoyable for one and all. There was some question as to who were hosts and which were guests, and whose party it was, and who issued invitations to everybody. When telephoned to, at Salinas, Judge Fred A. Treat denied responsibility for the party. So, as a party it was not a success.

The Carmel Board of Trustees, or most of them, had been called into a hurry-up conference at Pine Inn by Mayor Jordan, after a talk over the telephone with Judge Treat. Jordan had decided that the board should look over the safety of the housing of certain cases left the city by Mrs. Harrison. After some discussion, they went to the Wermuth warehouse.

They walked in upon Mrs. Shipley and Miss Conway, who seemed to be directing Fred Wermuth in getting from the piles certain cases. Mayor Jordan asked the reason of their activities, and was told, he says, that they had a court order for the examination of the cases, and had brought C. Chappell Judson, the artist, to pass upon the authenticity of certain engravings and etchings.

Mayor Jordan asked to see the court order, but the women did not have it at hand, and after some controversy, Jordan instructed Wermuth to prevent any interference with the cases, while he went and telephoned Judge Treat. He returned to say that Judge Treat said that he had issued no order or permit for the cases to be inspected or opened. The party came to an end.

The matter is under investigation, and will probably have its place in the trial of the case which comes up July 1st. The cases, in which may be priceless art treasures, have been transferred to the steel and concrete fireproof vault-room of the Wermuth warehouse, and a guard has been placed over them.

PEACE ADVOCATE VISITS FRIENDS IN CARMEL

Dr. Margaret Long of Denver is the guest of Mrs. W. O. H. Martin and Miss Anne Martin in Carmel. Dr. Long and Miss Martin have recently returned from a desert trip in Arizona, penetrating as far as the Rainbow bridge. Dr. Long is the daughter of former Governor Long of Massachusetts, who was Secretary of the Navy under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. She is secretary of the Denver branch of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, and will spend several weeks in Carmel.

Deed: Carmel Dev Co to Amelia L. Gates, Jan 4. $10. Lots 10 & 11, blk 107, Add No. 5 Carmel.

Decree of Distribution: Estate of Fayette P. Thompson to C. W. Vosmer, March 31, lots 13 and 14, blk. 95, 3rd Add., Pacific Grove.

Marine Views

Do not wait to buy in HATTON FIELDS until only resale plots are available

Carmel Land Company

Office: Ocean Avenue, Carmel

Phone 18

NOTICE

TO VISITORS OF POINT LOBOS:

For several years past the result of automobile traffic through the Cypress Grove at Point Lobos has been a source of worry. It is well known that this grove and the one on the Seventeen Mile Drive are the only two stands of Cypress on this Coast, and these trees, if lost, could not be replaced.

With this thought in mind, Dr. E. P. Meinicke, Forest Pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, was invited to make a survey of tree and plant life conditions at Point Lobos. The results of this investigation indicate that certain areas must be restricted against automobile traffic. You are requested, therefore, to, keep your machines on the roads, and if you care to stop, make use of the parking places.

Your attention is called to several attractive spots on the south side of Point Lobos, where picnic places have been provided. Picnic fires are only permitted between the road and ocean.

The greatest danger to vegetation is that of fire. You are requested to use the utmost caution, not only with your picnic fires, but with your cigarettes, matches, etc.

Visitors to the Cypress Grove are required to go on foot, and are requested to remain on the trails and refrain from [illegible] flowers and shrubs, and from building fires.

Your co-operation is appreciated.

A. M. ALLEN. Owner.

A Real Bargain In Carmel

San Antonio Beween 9th and 10th Avenues, Facing the Ocean

Plot 100x100, appraised at	$16,000.00
Plot (on Carmello in rear) 100x100, appraised at	6,000.00
7 room house (all improvements), replacement value	14,000.00
2 room garage, replacement value	2,500.00
Furnishings (including Oriental Rugs, Linen, Silver and Art Works	3,500.00
Total	$42,000.00

Will Sell for $25,000.00

(Ask R. C. DeYoe to show you this)

If this is too much, what is it worth to you?
Address Owner, Box 102, Wellesley, Mass.

Take a chance—it might make you wealthy. My misfortune may be your opportunity.